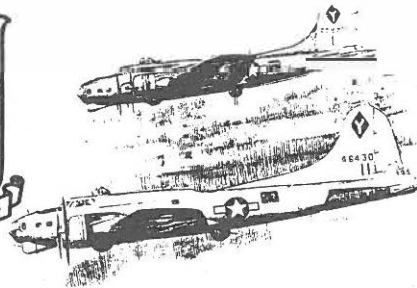




T/Sgt. E. W. (Tex) Morton
347th Sq. Crew 6-D-50
Radio Operator/Gunner

THE 99TH BOMB GROUP HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

The Group Flew B-17 Flying Fortresses
For A Total Of 395 Combat Missions From
North Africa, Italy & Russia To Bomb
European Targets During 1943, '44 & '45.



T/Sgt. Mike Johns
347th Sq. Crew 6-D-50
Ft. Engineer/Top Gunner

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May 2000

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

DEAR MEMBERS & ASSOCIATES:

By the time most of you read this our reunion in May in Jacksonville, FL. will be over and you should have a new president. I wish all of you will treat him as nice as you treated me. Thank you.

I would now like to thank the Board of Directors for all their help. I would also like to thank those who put in extra time keeping our group together: Bernie Barr Newsletter Editor, Walter Butler Treasure, Roy Worthington our Printer, Dick Drain our Historian, Fran Grantz our Chaplain, Arkie Clark our Hospitality Room Chairman, Don Lawhorn our Site Committee Chairman, Vince Bell Chairman, Who you see if you want a seat on the Board of Director, Warren Burns who is our Parliamentarian. Whom I name after he said we weren't running our meeting right, AIN'T heard from him since.

I would also like to thank Len Smith and his wife, also Bill Somers for the very enjoyable Reunion they hosted in Tucson, AZ. Don Lawhorn for the Mini reunion in Covington, KY. I would also like to thank Ed Marlow and his team for their work in getting Jacksonville, FL. reunion up to speed. Lots of work.

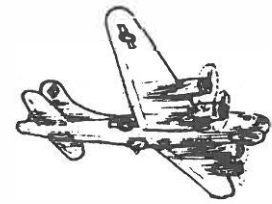
One other thing please keep in contact with your friends and members of the ninety-nine, just a little note or call would really make a difference. Hope to see most of you in Jacksonville, FL.

Good Health & Happiness

Bob

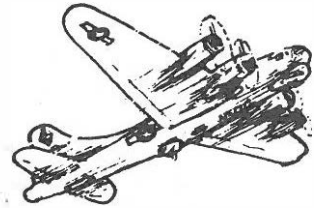
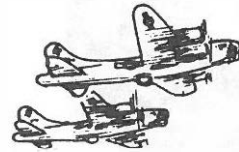
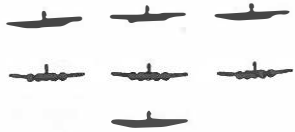
Robert J. Bacher President





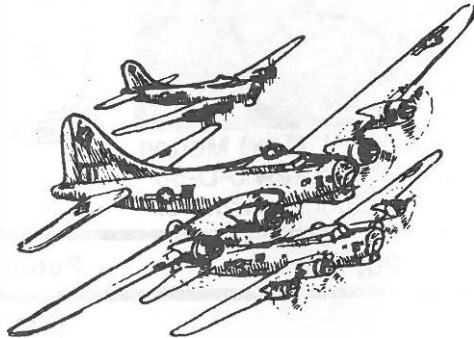
SUBJECT: Smile today! Or ANY day!

Smiling is infectious,
you catch it like the flu,
When someone smiled at me today,
I started smiling too.

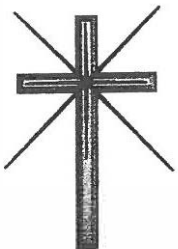


I passed around the corner
and someone saw my grin,
When he smiled I realized
I'd passed it on to him.

I thought about that smile,
then I realized its worth,
A single smile, just like mine
could travel round the earth.



So, if you feel a smile begin,
don't leave it undetected,
Let's start an epidemic quick,
and get the World infected!



IN MEMORIAM



LOUIS J. BRUNO

MRS. ROY HORNING

Beloved Wife of Roy K.

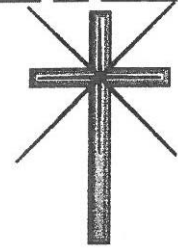
CHARLES B. KATZENMEYER

JOHN MIKOTA

WILLIAM D. KATZING



Members send sincere prayers and sympathies to the families and friends
MAY OUR COMRADES REST IN PEACE



THE CHAPLAIN'S CORNER



KANSAS SENATE PRAYER

When Minister Joe Wright was ask to open a new session of the Kansas Senate, everyone was expecting the usual generalities, but this is what they heard:

"Heavenly Father, we come before you today to ask Your forgiveness and to seek Your direction and guidance. We know Your Word says, : "Woe to those who call evil good", but that is exctly what we have done. We have lost our spiritual equilibrium and reversed our values. We confess that : We have ridiculed the absolute truth of Your Word and called it Pluralism;

We have worshipped other gods and called it multiculturalism; We have endorsed perversion and called it alternative lifestyle; We have exploited the poor and called it the lottery; We have rewarded laziness and called it welfare; We have killed our unborn and called it choice; We have shot abortionists and called it justifiable; We have neglected to discipline our children and called it self-esteem; We have abused power and called it politics; We have coveted our neighbor's possessions and called it ambition;

We have polluted the air with profanity and poronography and called it freedom of expression; We have ridiculed the time-honored values of our forefathers and called it enlightenment.

Search us, Oh, God and know our hearts today; cleanse us from every sin and set us free. Guide and bless these men and women who have been sent to direct us to the center of Your will, to open it in the name of Your Son, the living Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen"

The response was immediate. A number of legislators walked out during the prayer in protest. In 6 short weeks, Central Christian Church, where Reverand Wright was pastor, logged more than 5,000 phone calls with only 47 of the calls responding negatively. The church has received international requests for copies of this prayer from India, Africa, and Korea. Commentator Paul Harvey aired this prayer on "The Rest of the Story" on the radio and received a larger response to this program than any other he ever aired.

{I do hope all 99ers embrace these truths and work to bring this prayer to the attention of our legislators. I also hope this issue finds our Chaplain Fran enjoying improved health.}



NEWS, NOTES, LETTERS & IMPORTANT INFORMATION

EDITOR'S NOTES

NEW MEMBER

WILLIAM S. ARMINGSTON, 7421 Weeping Willow Blvd., Sarasota, FL 34241

PAUL W. CAPEN, 3155 Calle Osuna, Oceanside, CA is seeking information on LESTER R. CROWELL who was a crew member with Bernie Katz and Ernest O. Rought.

EDDIE MAY, 815 E. 52nd St., Tulsa, OK 74126 played drums at 99th BG. He was a member of the 351st Service Squadron attached to the 347th Squadron. If you remember EDDIE please contact him.

WILLIAM (Bill) SOMERS, 8149 E. Frito Drive, Mesa, AZ 85208 is announcing the publication of his book, "FORTRESS FIGHTERS", completely devoted to men of the 99th Bomb Group from its combat beginnings in North Africa to the last mission at war's end. To be published soon.

JOHN HENRY has completed an audit of the 99th BGHS treasurer's financial records for 1999 and certifies that the receipts and expenditures are true and accurate and in conformance with normal accounting procedures.

ED MARLOW, our Jacksonville Reunion host, produced a very commendable program and activities for the attendants. Our guest speaker at our Saturday night dinner was Dr. William Oldson, Director of the Institute of WWII History accompanied by Dr. Robin Sellers, Director of the Oral History Program both of Florida State University. In view of this I think it appropriate to review the story of our 99th Bomb Group. This story shows that the 99th has been and still is an active organization of the U. S. Air Force. The current active duty unit is the 99th AIR BASE WING at Nellis Air Force Base located near LAS VEGAS, NV.

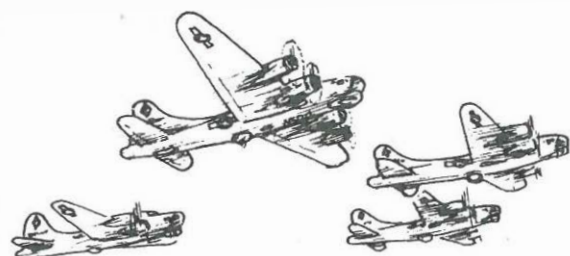
Our Historical Society was formed for the purpose of preserving the history of the 99th and its people. You have been most generous in sending in your stories which have been recorded for current and future generations. Our newsletters have been and are regularly sent to FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY, MAXWELL AIR FORCE BASE MUSEUM, SOUTH DAKOTA STATE MUSEUM, MARCH FIELD MUSEUM, and CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE so our history will be available for historical records. KEEP YOUR STORIES COMING to me, typed, single spaced, dark print for our newsletter and HISTORY!

To visually preserve a PLACE IN HISTORY for our 99th Bomb Group our Historical Society has placed a monument at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, OH, placed a PLAQUE on the wall at the Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs, CO, donated personal use items from WWII to the South Dakota Museum at Rapid City, SD. In addition personal use items of historical value have been donated to the March Field Museum at Riverside, CA along with Group insignia and insignia of each group squadron i.e. 346th, 347th, 348th & 416th Squadrons for display on the floor design of the museum and a 99th Bomb Group 12"x18" bronze plaque for display on the 15th Air Force wall at the March Field museum. Further, many of you have individually donated items and assistance to your local schools and cities.

Please remember that I, Bernie Barr, can only print in our newsletter items of interest sent to me. Such letters and stories are decreasing to the extent that the number of pages in future quarterly issues must be reduced. PLEASE SEND ME TYPED ITEMS FOR PUBLICATION!!!!

With special thanks to ALL, I enjoyed seeing you at our May 2K Jacksonville, FL reunion.

GOD BLESS, BERNIE



George Coen, our late historian, gave this information at the dedication of the 99th Bomb Group monument at the Wright/Patterson Air Force Base Museum, Dayton Ohio.

The 99th Bombardment Group was formed in September, 1942, with the sending of four model crews to Boise, Idaho where the Group was expanded to 36 nine-man flying crews and complete ground crews. The 99th began flight training at Boise. In October, we moved to Walla Walla, Washington for second-phase flight training. Because of bad flying weather, the group was then sent by train to Sioux City, Iowa where it completed combat flying training. We lost one crew in training at Sioux City. During this third phase training, our Commanding Officer, Colonel Fay R. Upthegrove, who is here with us today, and our Deputy Commander, Lt Col Leroy Rainey, stressed close formation flying to a much greater extent than had been the practice in some Groups previously trained. There is no doubt that this training resulted in keeping the 99th's casualties lower than the theatre average for B-17s.

The 99th entrained at Christmas time for Salina, Kansas, where the crews received new B-17s straight from the assembly line.

The next stop was DeRidder, Louisiana for over-water training flights, and then on to Morrison Field at West Palm Beach, Florida, our Port of Embarkation, from which we set out for England in the first week of February 1943. The original 35 aircraft flew the South Atlantic Route via Yundum, in the Gambia, arriving in Marrakech in early March. At Marrakech, we exchanged our maps of the route to England for the maps of an Algeria-bound B-24 Group. We were now bound for the ground war in Tunisia.

The entire ground echelon of the 99th Bomb Group was, meanwhile, slowly approaching Africa on an asthmatic transport afloat on the submarine-infested Atlantic. At the same time, replacement flight crews for the 99th were already in various stages of training in the United States.

The 99th aircraft moved to La Senia Aerodrome near Oran, where we flew practice missions during the brief intervals between Mediterranean storms. In the third week of March, the air echelon moved to its new operational field at Navarin, Algeria, and on March 31, 1943, the 99th flew its first combat mission to Cagliari, Sardinia. This was the first of 395 missions which the 99th would make before V-E Day. I can mention only a few of these missions at this time.

The 26-plane raid of April 5th, on Milo Aerodrome at Trapani, destroyed 86 German aircraft on the ground. Headquarters could not believe this until the photographic evidence reached them. The 99th contributed to the sea and air blockade of the Axis forces in North Africa, a blockade which was so successful that German generals were forced to flee North Africa in the hospital ship Sicilia.

Our ground echelon reached us at Navarin on May 25th for a joyful reunion. On June 5th, the 99th bombed naval vessels in the harbor at La Spezia, drilling a hole in one battleship with a 2000-pound bomb which failed to explode.

By June 24th, the replacements--I mean reinforcements--began to arrive from the States. On June 24th, an explosion in the bomb dump killed sixteen of our men. That violent explosion was certainly unforgettable.

On the 5th of July, the 99th was preparing for the invasion of Sicily by bombing the Gerbini Aerodrome when the German Air Force challenged us with 100 or more fighters in an extended, running battle in which the 99th lost three aircraft. During this mission, Ben Warner got credit for five kills, to become the only nonpilot ace in the Army Air Force. Ben got two more kills on other occasions to boost his score to seven.

Before dawn on July 12, two crews of the 99th volunteered to fly black planes with secret equipment designed to confuse and confound the Sicilian shore radar. This mission was highly successful; so much so that it was kept secret so that the technique might be used later in Normandy, where history records that it baffled the German radar installations. The history books have missed the Sicilian episode entirely.

On July 19th, the 99th led the first raid on Rome, with 37 aircraft carrying the largest total bomb load to date.

On August 3, 1943, the Group moved to a new airfield near the town of Mohamedia--25 miles southwest of Tunis. The 99th by then had flown 60 missions, and a few individuals had reached the 50-mission mark.

The 99th was one of two groups which bombed Smiling Albert Kesselring's Headquarters on the morning of the Salerno invasion. The 99th was later called upon to assist the hard-pressed ground forces at Salerno, where the combined effects of naval gunfire, bombs, strafing, and field artillery stopped the German counterattacks.

By October 23rd, the Group was back at its main work--strategic bombing. The 99th penetrated Germany for the first time by staging from advance airfields. The weather proved to be a major adversary as we worked into Europe.

On December 11, 1943, the 99th moved up to Foggia #2, having flown mission Numbers 61 to 113 from the field at Mohamedia, also known as Oudna.

On 27 January, 1944, Sergeant Hurey was killed following the crash and explosion of a Wellington at the Foggia #2 base. Eight 99ers distinguished themselves in the aftermath of the crash and explosion. Their names are: J.A. Kish; E.J. Morrison; J.M. Alamillo; W.N. Panzarella; W.R. Metcalf; A.F. Eydenberg; Earl A. Silvis; and C.S. Rowland.

In February, 1944, the 99th once again supported the ground forces--this time at Anzio. Also during February, the 99th, in an attack on Regensburg, battled some 200 enemy fighters for almost two hours.

By April 1944, the Group was ranging all over the Balkans and also into Austria, Bavaria, France, and Northern Italy.

On the 23rd of April, 1944, the 99th delivered a good pattern of bombs on a single-engine fighter factory at Wiener-Neustadt while under heavy enemy attack. The Group was later awarded a second Distinguished Unit Citation for this attack, the first having been for the Gerbini mission of July 5, 1943.

The 99th was chosen to lead the first 15th Air Force shuttle raid on June 2, 1944, flying to Poltava, making one raid from Poltava, and then shuttling back to Italy. During this period, a constant flow of escaped 99ers was returning to the Allied lines.

The 99th attempted, once more, on May 12th, to kill Smiling Albert Kesselring in conjunction with the renewed ground offensive in the Rome area; and in August, 1944, the 99th participated in the invasion of south France.

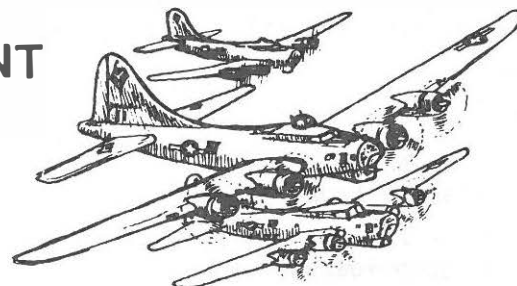
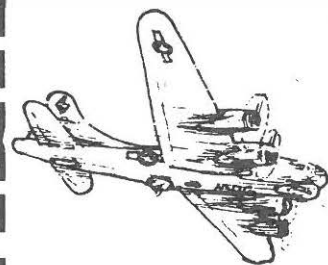
By late October, 1944, the 99th was even flying night missions and ranging up into Czechoslovakia.

The 99th began a new phase of warfare on December 7, 1944, when Bernie Barr and his crew dropped supplies inside Greece on a mercy mission. Bernie flew his 100th mission on December 28, 1944. He was one of several 99ers who had flown a complete combat tour in the Pacific Theatre before reaching the 99th.

In February 1945, members of the ground echelon began rotation furloughs in the United States. Also at this time, a few Swiss internees began to return to our area in Italy.

On the 24th of March, the 99th participated in the longest missions flown to date in the European war. The targets for these three raids were the Daimler-Benz tank factory near Berlin and the Ruhland Refinery, in the same area. These were pretty much the last strategic targets. By May, the 99th was conducting aerial tours of former targets for the ground personnel. Redeployment to the Pacific began, but as it turned out, World War Two was over for the men of the 99th.

99TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)



Joe Kenney during his term as President of our Society made these remarks at the dedication of the 99th Bomb Group Plaque on the WALL at the cemenary of the Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, CO, October 16, 1987

It was on the 25th. day of September, 1942 that orders were cut activating the 99th Bombardment Group at Gowan Field, Boise, Idaho. The original personnel which comprised about 20% strength of the new Bomb Group, came from the 29th. Bomb Group of the 2nd. Air Force, forming the nucleus of the 346th., 347th., 348th. and the 416th. Squadrons of the 99th Bomb Group.

By the end of September, this nucleus, with the balance of the Cadre and equipment coming from Salt Lake City, began operations at Walla Walla, Washington. During the month of October, 12 Flight Leaders and their crews joined the Group. To begin with, just one B-17 was available for each of the Squadrons. They began flight training with the Flight Commanders and their model flight crews, flying these four aircraft. The minimum number of Bombers was increased to ten for the Group later in the month.

Consider the complicated and extensive task of assembling such an organization. All Personnel including Administrative for Head Quarters and each of the four Squadrons, all the Ground Support Personnel, and all the Flight Crews, each faction with their own full complement of Technicians and equipment, and supplies necessary to place this Bomb Group into operation, had to be assembled. All men went into vigorous training along with the Flight Crews, working together cohesively for the ultimate plan which was to get the 99th. into the air on time and with as many airplanes as the Mission called for.

Training began seriously at Walla Walla where the discipline of close formation flying was stressed with significantly more emphasis placed on close formation than was generally required by many other Bomb Groups. This same discipline was passed from Commander to Commander through out the remainder of the War. This aided substantially in keeping the casualty rate of the 99th. as one of the lowest in the European Theater of Operations.

This intensive training included all phases of the operating Group and developed into a force that functioned well under very adverse conditions. These adverse conditions became all too evident when Air Crews arrived overseas ahead of the Ground Crews. Combat operations began on March 31, 1943, just six months after that modest beginning in September. This first Mission was flown to Villacidro Air Drome on the Island of Sardinia and was the first of the 395 Combat Missions to be flown by the 99th. The Air Crews did all the necessary maintenance on their aircraft, refueled them from 55 gallon drums of 100 octane gasoline, loaded and fused the bombs and then flew their assigned Combat Missions. During the nearly two month period before the Ground Crews arrived, the 99th. flew 21 Combat Missions. Ground Crews arrived at Navarin on the 25th. day of May after a long and harrowing trip from Mid-Atlantic when the U.S.S. Edmund B. Alexander developed engine trouble. The rest of the Convoy went on ahead, leaving this ship to more or less fend for herself as she crippled that tremendous distance on into Oran. Never has a group of men been more welcome than those of that final arrival of the Ground Crews on that fateful day in May.

Casualties came within the Ground Crews as well as the Flight Crews. Most notable was the explosion in the Bomb Dump which took the lives of 16 men and wounded a number of others. Our Physicians and Medics were on hand giving assistance valiently when this explosion occurred.

In August 1943, the 99th. moved from Navarin to Oudeni, just 22 miles west of the City of Tunis. On the first day of November 1943, the 99th. Bomb Group was transferred into the newly formed 15th. Air Force along with all the other Heavy Bomb Groups out of the 12th. Air Force. Subsequently, we moved to an Air Field just nine miles north east of Foggia, Italy, known as Foggia Number 2, beginning operations from that Field December 11, 1943

The 99th. Bomb Group sustained its first significant loss of one entire element of three B-17's being shot down by a tremendous force of enemy aircraft numbering more than 100 fighters. This was over the Air Fields of Gerbini, Sicily.

Some of the more significant targets were located at Gerbini along with Foggia and a number of airfields such as Villaorba and Udine in northern Italy. Places such as Augsburg, Regensburg, Munich, and Berlin in Germany and Vienna, Weiner Newstadt and Linz in Austria, all of the Balkins with the most notable of these targets being the Ploesti Oil Fields in Romania. Ploesti was significant enough that the 15th. Air Force flew 19 separate Combat Missions to this location alone. The total loss of Heavy Bombers on this one target grew to a total of 223 out of the 15th. Air Force.

Usually, over these targets, aggressive fighter opposition along with heavy to intense flak could be expected. Battle damage ranged from light to very heavy and those heavily

damaged aircraft, (the ones that made it back,) more often than not, would be ready to fly on the next assigned Combat Mission. To accomplish this, many times the Ground Crew would work the night through so their airplane would be on the line and ready to fly that next Mission. Truly deep dedication on the part of our most able Ground Crews.

On June 2, 1944, the 99th. Bomb Group led four Groups of the 5th. Wing of the 15th. Air Force on the first "Shuttle Run" into Russia. We bombed a Marshalling Yard at Debreczen, Hungary on the way in to Russia. Our Field destination in Russia was located at Poltava, about 65 miles southeast of Kiev. On June 6th., we bombed an airfield at Galeti, Romania, returning to Russia where we learned that the Normandy Invasion had taken place. After some bad weather, we returned to Italy, bombing Foscani Air Drome in Romania. All of these targets were pretty much beyond our range from and back to Italy and this did help the Russians significantly in their war with Hitler. This Operation was Code named "F.R.A.N.T.I.C. or FRANTIC JOE.

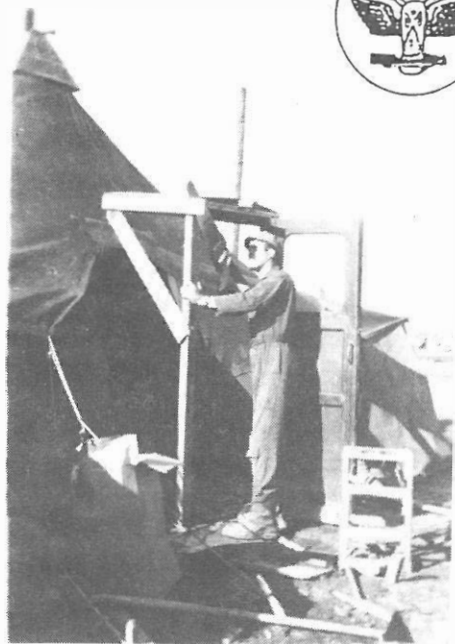
On an early morning H-hour, all supportive Ground Crews were on duty and these ranged from Operations to Cooks, to the Motor Pool, the full Ground Crew Personnel on the line. All B-17's would be fueled up, bombs loaded and properly fused, the plane mechanically ready to go. Specific take-off times were set, the whole complement of the men of the 99th. working together to get us into the air on time. Timing had to be perfect because there were 20 other Heavy Bomb Groups going into the air at the same time, so take-off, assembly of the Group, rendezvous and placement into the Bomber Stream in their proper sequence was critical. The whole of the 15th. Air Force had to be "Orchastrated" perfectly so this could be accomplished.

The 99th. Bomb Group through its highly trained and dedicated men and its most competent and brave Flight Crews, earned two Presidential Distinguished Unit Citations and flew in 14 separate Aerial Campaigns.

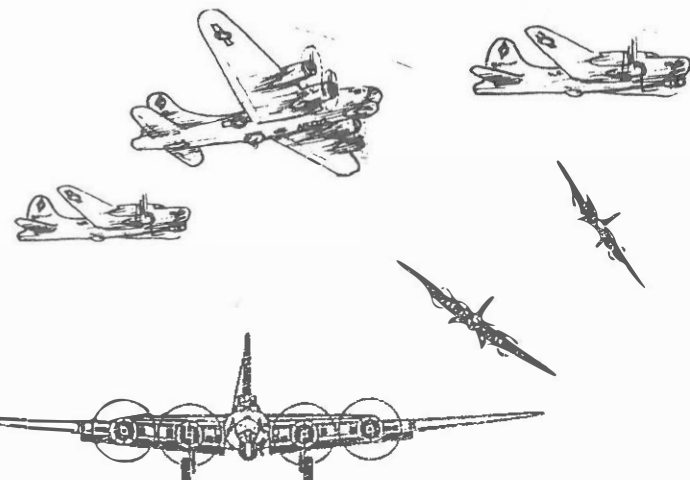
What was it that made the 99th. Bomb Group the highly successful organization that it was? It was the hard work and total dedication of every man in this Bomb Group. Administrative, Operations, Cooks, Motor Pool, Medics, Ground Crews and Air Crews alike. Our great successes would not have been possible without that total dedication and cooperation.

At this time we will unveil our 99th. Bomb Group Plaque and we dedicate this Plaque to the Honor of all those Brave and Dedicated Men who served within the 99th. Bomb Group, of the 5th. Wing, of the 15th. Air Force. We now present this Plaque to the Air Force Academy for future generations to view and remember the tremendous contributions made by the 99th. Bomb Group in helping to win the Second World War, 1942 into 1945.

Photo of Willis Korum installing a door on the primitive living arrangements we had encountered at our air port near Foggia. Italy. He salvaged the door from a bombed out rail road car in Foggia. Summer 1944.



99TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)



Starting here and for the next several pages is information on the B-17 Groups making up the Fifth Wing.



Jan. 12, 1945: 1249 PM.

PERSONAL COMMAND MESSAGE - RESTRICTED
FRM: LDBE-TWINING
TO: LAWRENCE (ACTION)

XVAF ABLE 242. RESTRICTED.

ALL UNITS AND PERSONNEL OF THE FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE JOIN ME TODAY (FOURTEEN JANUARY) IN EXPRESSING ADMIRATION FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE SENIOR WING OF OUR AIR FORCE ON THE OCCASION OF THE COMPLETION OF TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS. THE FIFTH WING'S RECORD IS A REFLECTION OF THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN STRATEGIC AIR POWER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN THEATRE. SHORTLY AFTER YOUR FIRST OPERATIONS OF FOURTEEN JANUARY NINETEEN FORTY THREE WERE THE SESSIONS OF THE HISTORIC CASABLANCA CONFERENCE AT WHICH PLANS FOR THE USE OF A STRATEGIC AIR FORCE WERE ANNOUNCED. TO ALL PERSONNEL OF THE FIFTH WING AND TO THE SERVICE UNITS WORKING WITH THE WING I EXTEND MY MOST SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS FOR A JOB WELL DONE.
BT. 121200A



JAN 13 1945: 0939 AM

FROM: CG XV AFSC 130920A
TO: CG 5TH BOMB WING
GB-----BT.

MCNR6254 CITE JAM BAKER DASH THREE DASH ABLE CLN PLEASE ACCEPT THE CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD WISHES OF THE ENTIRE FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE SERVICE COMMAND UPON COMPLETION OF YOUR ENVIABLE RECORD OF TWO YEARS NOTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT. AS THE SENIOR WING YOU HAVE SET A GOAL OF ATTAINMENT WHICH CAN ONLY BE ACHIEVED THROUGH APPLICATION OF LIKE FORTITUDE AND PERSEVERANCE WHICH ARE SERVING AS AN INSPIRATION TO YOUR CONTEMPORARIES
MOLLISON
BT. 130920A



14 January 1945

On 14 January 1943, thirty-one B-17 airplanes took off from Biskra, Algeria to inaugurate operations of the Fifth Wing. Having completed two years of continued and sustained operations, it seem fitting to detail a brief history of the Wing and to tell a story in picture of some of the activities and accomplishments of the six B-17 Groups of the 15th Air Force.

It is not the purpose of this history to reiterate statistics, they are available elsewhere and need no detailing here. The true significance of the event is found in the unwritten records and those records are found in the unceasing, uncomplaining labor of the ground personnel of the Wing in the sand and dust of North Africa, and on the muddy flooded bases of Italy. It has been a record of teamwork, of wholehearted cooperation by every man on the ground, who, in many cases, is forced to stay on the ground against his wishes.

It has been a record of heroic effort, sometimes under seemingly impossible conditions. Examples have been many, including the stubborn, relentless, costly yet highly successful campaign against Ploesti; and those missions where the entire Wing and each Group of the Wing, on occasion, have found themselves alone and without escort, yet unflinchingly have gone on and pressed home the attack regardless of opposition or loss.

To the men who have given their lives in order to make this record possible is dedicated this brief history of the Fifth Wing. As new men join, it is my sincere belief that they will carry on the traditions established in these two years of operations--established through the sweat and blood of those hundreds of men who have gone on before them in order to preserve the American way of life.

C. W. Lawrence,
Brigadier General, U.S.A.,
Commanding

HISTORY FIFTH BOMBARDMENT WING (US)

The Fifth wing was activated by General Order No. 30 of the Eighth Air Force on 10 July 1942, but it wasn't until the end of August that the unit approached full strength at its base at Westover Field, Mass. In early September Col. John W. Monahan assumed command of the Wing with headquarters in the Munitions Building, Washington, D.C., while the Headquarters Squadron remained at Westover.

On 24 Oct. 1942 seven officers and seven enlisted men sailed from Hampton Roads, VA in Convoy "D" -- with 80 ships--supposed to have been the largest convoy in history at that time. While this group was still on the high seas, another contingent of seven officers and 57 enlisted men left Staten Island in Convoy "D-5". The first party landed at Fedala Beach behind the 3rd Division of 9 October and after four days of unloading ships and living in a sardine factory, moved to Casablanca. On 19-20 November the men in Convoy "D-5" came ashore at Casablanca and set up housekeeping in a metal warehouse. During the next three weeks Wing Personnel unloaded organizational equipment and recovered lost or stolen goods, and on 8 December moved by rail to Oujda. At Camp Kilmer, N.J., meanwhile, the last contingent of 34 officers and 52 enlisted men embarked on 12 December and reached Casablanca on Christmas Eve, spending a cold night in the metal warehouse. This party moved to Oujda on 28 December.

Brig. Gen. Joseph H. Atkinson, former commander of the 97th Bomb Group, assumed command of the Wing on 5 Jan. 1943 per General Order No. 1 of the Wing. Colonel Monahan went to the 12th Bomber Command. Six days later the unit moved by rail and road to Biskra, a community of some 10,000 population on the edge of the desert. Enlisted men were housed in vacant French barracks. Officers occupied the Garden of Allah, a tourist showplace owned by Count Landon. Headquarters was set up in the Casino, with S-2 operating off the gambling tables. The Wing was established on an operational basis at noon, 12 January, '43 and on 14 January, '43 the two groups composing the Wing, the 97th and 301st, pulled the first Wing mission. The 301st put 26 B-17's over docks and shipping at Sfax, scored hits and suffered no losses while knocking down a ME 109 and damaging a FW 190. The 97th sent 16 B-17's over docks and shipping at Sousse, starting fires and suffering no losses. Both attacks were escorted by P-38's of the 1st Fighter Group.

Heavy bombing was a novelty in the early days. Correspondent Ernie Pyle frequented the Wing and Margaret Bourke-White flew a mission and snapped pictures for a spread in LIFE. Martha Raye, Carole Landis, Mitzi Mayfair and Kay Francis, the original overseas entertainers, played Biskra on 23 January, '43. Two days later General Arnold paid a surprise visit, congratulated the Wing on current operations and stressed patience in waiting for supplies. While the planes were pouring Tripoli, Gabes, Tunis, Bizerte, Ferryville and other North African targets, some of the highlights of life at Biskra were the landing and capture of axis saboteurs, a horse show by the French Spahis Regiment, the devaluing of the franc from 75 per \$1.00 to 50 (on this some men cleaned up) and a big party with the Lafayette Escadrille.

During 1-5 March the Wing moved to Chateaudun du Rhumel, a small Algerian town west of Constantine, with the two groups based nearby. The unit had begun to turn its attention to targets in Sicily and Sardinia when the 99th Group joined and flew its first mission in late March. The 2nd was the next arrival, beginning operations in late April. After the closing of the Tunisian campaign in May the Wing with its mounting strength began to stretch out, flying as far as La Spezia and Leghorn in Italy. On 1 June Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and General George Marshall visited the 97th. Shortly afterward there began the all-out assault on Pantelleria, followed by the first attack on Rome and the softening of Sicily for invasion. Toward the end of July there was a lull in operations while the allies issued ultimatums to the Badoglio government. When Italy failed to respond the Wing opened up again on Naples, Foggia and other Italian targets.

In January, '44 Brig. Gen. Charles W. Lawrence (then Colonel) came from CO of the 99th to succeed General Atkinson as Wing Commander. With the fast growing 15th Air Force General Lawrence sent his

Fortresses in an ever-widening arc through every Balkan country, Austria, Germany and France. Great air battles raged until the Luftwaffe declined. Late in March the 463rd Group joined and flew its first mission, and in early April the 483rd group followed suit. With six Groups the Wing became the largest in the 15th and was forced to relinquish command of fighter groups which had been with it off and on for more than a year. The Ploesti campaign began in April and in June the Wing flew the first shuttle to Russia. In late August it evacuated more than 1,000 airmen from Rumania, and in October launched the first single-sortie Mickey missions by day and night. Meanwhile, the campaign against axis oil points had carried it deep into Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland. At the two year mark the Wing could point to these statistics:

Missions-----	450
Sorties-----	45,362
Tonnage-----	104,694
E/A Destroyed-----	1,525
Losses-----	474



NINETY-NINTH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

Plans were underway in June 1942 for a new heavy bombardment group which would be called the 99th and for which equipment was assigned at Orlando, FL. But it wasn't until 25 September that orders were cut at Gowen Field, Boise, Idaho activating the personnel for the unit. The cadre came from the 6th, 43rd, 52nd and 411th Squadrons at Gowen and became the nucleus of the 346th, 347th, 348th and 416th Squadrons of the 99th Flying Fortress Group. Colonel Fay R. Upthegrove was designated group commander and Lt. Col. Leroy A. Rainey was appointed deputy commander.

The group began training at Walla Walla, Washington, moving thence to Sioux City, Iowa. While the flight echelon received final check-out at Salina, KS, the ground echelon occupied satellite fields at Watertown and Mitchell, SD. In January '43 the flight echelon took off for overseas duty and arrived in North Africa via the southern route through South America. Groundmen, meanwhile, were processed at Tinker Field, Oklahoma City and then proceeded to embarkation point at Camp Kilmer, N. J. On 29 April 1943, the ground echelon embarked on the U.S.S. Edmund B. Alexander, which was forced to drop out of convoy because of faulty engines, but reached Oran on 12 May 1942 without incident.

From a base at Navarin, near Constantine, Algeria the air echelon had flown its first mission on 28 March 1943, against Villacidro airdrome in Sardinia. Crews were operating without groundmen support until the ground echelon arrived in May. On 5 July 1943, the group battled off 100 enemy fighters to cover Gervini airdrome in Sicily with frag bombs and earned a Presidential Citation. Later the 99th moved to a base at Cudna, Tunisia, near Tunis, where on Thanksgiving Day, 25 November 1943, Lt. Colonel Wayne Thurman succeeded Col. Upthegrove as commanding officer. The group helped blast Sicily, Sardinia, Italy, Southern France, Germany and Greece, before moving to Tortorella airdrome near Foggia, Italy, in mid-December, 1943.

Colonel Charles W. Lawrence (later Brig. General) took over the 99th reins on 19 December, and Colonel Thurman became CO on 26 January when Col. Lawrence became 5th Wing commander. With the new-born 15th AAF the 99th helped blast Ploesti's oil and the aircraft and synthetic oil plants of Germany and Austria. On 23 April 1944 the group covered an aircraft plant at Wiener Neustadt so well despite enemy opposition that a cluster to the Presidential Citation was awarded. Colonel Ford J. Lauer, CO since 15 February, led the first shuttle to Russia. While in the Z. I. he was replaced by Colonel T. J. Meyer and Lt. Colonel James A. Bennett, but returned 22 September to again head the group.

As of 29 December, 1944, the 99th had flown 324 missions and 8,711 sorties while dropping 20,078.89 tons of bombs. Its members had earned 8 Distinguished Service Crosses, 8 Legion of Merits, 29 Silver Stars, 260 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 45 Soldier's Medals, 30 Bronze Stars, 349 Purple Hearts, and 2,870 Air Medals.

2ND BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

It was on 24 September, 1942 that this group was organized as the 304th Bomb Group (H) at Ceiger

Field, Spokane, Washington with Colonel Ford J. Lauer as commanding officer. On 10 November 1942, however, the designation was changed from 304th to 2nd Bomb Group and the unit was assigned the 20th, 49th, 96th, and 429th Squadrons. The new group was destined to bear into battle the name of the oldest bomber unit in the Air Force. The 20th, 96th, and 49th Squadrons, then known as the 166th, had all flown pioneer bombing missions against the Germans in 1918, and the 429th through its immediate ancestor the 41st Reconnaissance Squadron, could trace its origin back to 1922.

The group received personnel and training at Ephrata, Wash., and at satellite bases in Montana before the flight echelon moved to Kearney, Nebraska, for its fourth and final phase. On St. Patrick's Day, 17 March 1943, the flight echelon left the States and flew by various stages to Marrakech, French Morocco. The ground echelon, meanwhile, completed training at the Montana bases and moved eastward on 16 March to embarkation ports at Camp Kilmer, N. J., and Camp Patrick Henry, VA. The units sailed at various intervals in the latter part of March and the first part of April, 1943.

From Marrakech, the flight echelon moved to its first tactical base at Chateau Dun, and here, on 20 April, Colonel Lauer was succeeded as commanding officer by Lt. Col. Joseph H. Thomas. Lt. Col. Thomas, a veteran of many missions with the 97th Bomb Group, led the 2nd Group on its first mission, 28 April 1943, against harbor installations at Terranova, Sardinia. During the first combat period the combat crews operated without the main force of the ground echelon, final units of which did not reach the group until 31 May, '43.

The group flew missions from Chateau Dun, Ain M'Lila in Algeria, and Massicault in Tunisia. With Lt. Col. Thomas finishing his tour of duty and giving command to Colonel Herbert E. Rice. From 23 November 1943 to 10 December '43 the group completed a move to Foggia, Italy, where it became an original member of the 15th Air Force, sharing a base at Amendola with the 97th. It participated in all the great strategic bombing campaigns of the 15th and received a Presidential Citation for its work 24 February, 1944, when it plowed through hordes of enemy fighters to seriously damage the aircraft factory at Steyr, Austria.

In July, 1944, Colonel Rice gave way to Colonel John D. Ryan, who remained in command until 25 September 1944, when he became 5th wing A-3. At this time Colonel Paul T. Cullen, present CO, assumed command. As of 29 December 1944, the 2nd had flown 338 missions and 8,282 sorties while dropping 20,198 tons of bombs on enemy targets. Its members earned 3 Distinguished Service Crosses, 4 Legion of Merits, 62 Silver Stars, 184 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 4 Soldiers Medals, 28 Bronze Stars, 283 Purple Hearts, 2,622 Air Medals, and 9,215 Air Medal Clusters.

97TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

On 14 February 1942 Major General Walter E. Frank, commanding the Third Air Force, signed Special Order No. 87 which activated the 97th Bombardment Group, which later became the first heavy bomber unit in the Air Forces to fly 400 missions. Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, commanding MAAF, has said of the group: "I do not believe that any other organization of equal size can, with justice, claim to have participated more definitely or extensively in the downfall of the enemy, than the 97th Bombardment Group"

Born under sunny Florida skies, the 97th grew to full strength under Lt. Colonel Cousland. The incubation period was short and the first part of June, '42 found the ground echelon aboard the "Queen Mary" bound for English shores. The air echelon followed, making the first mass movement over the northern route to Europe. From a Midlands base on 17 August 1942, Brig. General Frank Armstrong led 12 Fortresses to bomb the railroad yards at Rouen, France, and start the air offensive which later was to sweep the Luftwaffe from the skies. General Eaker also went along in "Yankee Doodle" to see if the hopes, plans, theories and ideas of the Army Air Force could be carried out. He returned confident and cheerful.

Mission after mission against the European continent followed with Colonel James H. Welsh taking over from General Armstrong, to be succeeded after a short term by Brig. General Joseph H. Atkinson (then a Colonel). Under General Atkinson the 97th pounded such targets as Lorient and on 10 November 1942 landed the first bomber in Africa at the start of the American invasion. Six days later a half-dozen Fortresses opened the air offensive by attacking Sidi Ahmed airdrome at Bizerte. General Atkinson

became 5th Wing Commander and Colonel Stanley J. Donovan took over as the 97th blasted targets in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Sardinia and southern France. At the close of the African campaign Colonel Leroy A. Rainey succeeded Colonel Donovan, while the group helped soften Sicily and Salerno for invasion and led in dumping the first bombs on German soil from the south, at Augsburg, 1 October 1943

In Italy Colonel Frank Allen took over command and under him the group won a Presidential Citation for destroying the Steyr-Daimler-Puch aircraft factory 24 February 1944. With the 15th AAF the 97th also pounded Ploesti and the synthetic oil plants of German proper. Next to lead the group was Colonel Jacob A. Smart, only CO to be lost to enemy action. Colonel Allen resumed command and under him was accomplished the shuttle to Russia, in which General Eaker rode "Yankee Doodle II". Colonel Allen was replaced by Colonel Elmer J. Rogers, who in turn was succeeded by Colonel Nils O. Ohman, an original member who helped activate the group in Florida and then was left behind. Colonel Ohman led the group on its 400th mission, over Regensburg, Germany, 9 December 1944

As of 29 December 1944, the 97th had flown 413 missions and 10,537 sorties while dropping 23,433 1/4 tons of bombs on enemy targets. Its members received 7 Distinguished Service Crosses, 4 Legion of Merits, 38 Silver Stars, 506 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 18 Soldiers Medals, 26 Bronze Stars, 408 Purple Hearts and 15,544 Air Medals and Clusters.

301ST BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

The 301st was activated 5 February 1942 at Geiger Field, Spokane, Washington, and in May '42 the air echelon went to Muroc Lake, California while the ground echelon went to Alamogordo, N. M.. From Muroc Dry Lake the air echelon joined the group at Alamogordo and then proceeded to Westover Field, Mass. while the ground echelon moved east to be the first bomb group to occupy the new air base at Richmond, VA. On 15 July '42 the ground echelon was moved to Fort Dix, N.J., and left on transports from New York on 5 August '42. Air crews left Westover Field for England via the North Atlantic route.

The group was stationed at Chelveston, England except for the 352nd Squadron which occupied Poddington. On 5 September '42 the group flew its first mission to Rouen, France. It completed eight bombing missions from England before celebrating Thanksgiving '42 on the high seas bound for North Africa.

In North Africa the group began housekeeping at Tafaroui, Oran. From here the air echelon went to Biskra while the groundmen went to the now famous "Mud Hill" in Oran. In January '43 the air crews moved to Ain-M'Lila where they were joined by the groundmen. It was from this base that the 301st was credited with the destruction of Rommel's tanks at Kasserine Pass at the time of the German General's big push. From Ain-M'Lila the organization moved to St. Donet and while there received its first Presidential Citation for the bombing of an important enemy munitions convoy off Bizerts. It was from St. Donet also that the 301st led the first attack by heavy bombers on Rome 19 July '43.

The 301st moved from St. Donet to Tunis, where it operated four and a half months before hopping over water to Italy. First based at Cerignola, the group later moved to its present site. It is now a seasoned veteran of three Air Forces: the 8th in England, the 12th in Africa, and the 15th in Italy. It has added a second Presidential Citation for the highly accurate bombing of the aircraft plant at Regensburg, Germany in the first coordinated attack between the 8th and 15th Air Forces 25 February '44. In the course of its history the 301st was served by eight commanding officers: Colonel(s) Roland R. Walker, Samuel J. Gormley, Jr., John K. Brown, Karl T. Barthelmess, Jean R. Byerly, John F. Batjer, John D. Moorman, and the present commander, Colonel Ernest S. Holmes, Jr.

As of 29 December '44 the 301st had flown 399 missions and 9,942 sorties while dropping some 23,000 tons of bombs. Its members had earned 3 Distinguished Service Crosses and 3 Legion of Merits since the group was activated. In 1944, 59 Purple Hearts were awarded. Since June 1944 29 Silver Stars, 212 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 11 Soldiers Medals, and 33 Bronze Stars (complete records lost).

463RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

General Order No. 78, Headquarters Second Air Force, dated 29 May 1943 activated the 463rd Bombardment Group. The group and its four squadrons, the 772nd, 773rd, 774th, and 775th, were not

activated until 1 August 1943

Early in August key personnel began to flow into Camp Rapid, Rapid City, S. D. from every part of the Second Air Force. Lt. Col. Elmer Stambaugh arrived among the first and assumed temporary command. Late in August Lt. Col. Frank Eurtz joined the cadre and took over command, Lt. Col. Stambaugh being designated group executive officer. Training got underway with one model crew and four B-17s assigned each squadron.

On 1 September 1943 key officers and enlisted men went to the AAF School of Applied Tactics, Orlando, FL for instruction in the newest developments of aerial warfare. The group moved to Montbrook, FL, a satellite base, and full-scale mockmissions were planned and flown. Then the key cadre returned to Camp Rapid.

Early in November the 463rd moved to McDill Field, FL where weather and flying facilities would insure continuous operations through the winter. Full strength was reached in ground personnel, but combat crews were still lacking. By 5 December the group was at full strength, but two more moves were made before the final journey overseas - - Drane Field, a satellite of McDill, and Camp Patrick Henry, VA. In a drizzling rain 11 February '44 the ground echelon boarded the Liberty ships William Cushing, Walter George, Lambert Cadwalader, Andrew Furuseth, and John Hathorn. Late in February the air echelon started the trip overseas - -destination Italy. The group was to join the newly formed 15th Air Force.

The air echelon reached Italy ahead of the groundmen and was divided up among B-17 groups already operating in the coastal valley. During this period the operational staff of the 772nd, including CO, Major George Burges, was lost in a mid-air collision. The group flew its first mission 30 March 1944 to the airfield at Imotske, Yugoslavia. During the next eight months the 463rd participated in the strategic and tactical bombing program that saw the liberation of Rome, the fall of Ploesti and the return of France to the allied fold. For the 18 May bombing of Ploesti the group received Distinguished Citation, and for the six month period from 1 May to 31 October the group scored a higher percentage of bomb hits in the target than any other group in the 15th Air Force.

As of 29 December 1944 the group had flown 157 missions and 4,139 sorties while dropping 10,400 tons of bombs. Its members earned 1 Legion of Merit, 23 Silver Stars, 248 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 5 Soldiers Medals, 20 Bronze Stars, 299 Purple Hearts and 1,757 Air Medals and Clusters.

483RD BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H) HISTORY

THE 483RD, newest member of the Fifth Wing of the 15th AAF, was activated at Ephrata, Washington 22 September 1943. The "Red Tails", so called for the bright red rudders of their Fortresses, were in combat some nine months. The group took part in the historic first shuttle mission to Russia, participated in the aerial offensive supporting the invasion of Southern France and won a Distinguished Unit Citation in recognition of a memorable air battle against the Luftwaffe over Memingen, Germany 18 July 1944.

When the 483rd was formed it consisted of the 815th, 816th, 817th and 818th squadrons. Three were new organizations and the 818th consisted of the old 21st Anti-Submarine which transferred from Gulfport, Mississippi. Colonel (then Lt. Colonel) Paul L. Barton was appointed group commander; Lt. Colonel (then Major) Cyril Carmichael, executive officer, and Major Kenneth P. Bishop, adjutant. Lt. Colonel (then Captain) Wallace L. Linn joined the group as operations officer. First deputy group commander was Lt. Colonel Edward York, a veteran of the famous Doolittle Tokio raid, who joined the 483rd shortly after its activation.

While the growing ground echelon trained at Ephrata, the air echelon went to the AAF School of Applied Tactics at Orlando, FL, and thence to Brooksville, FL for field training. On 7 November the group transferred to McDill Field, FL with four (4) B-17Fs to its name. Training progressed until February 1944 when preparations began for overseas shipment. At this time the 816th Squadron was redesignated the 840th and assumed the title to the traditions of the old 840th Aero Squadron activated at Waco, TX in February 1918.

Ground and air echelons left McDill 2 March 1944. Flight crews hopped to Hunter Field, GA, then to Morrison Field FL, and thence overseas. Despite violent storms enroute only one mishap occurred when a B-17 ditched in the Atlantic. The crew was rescued. The ground echelon spent 9 days at Camp Patrick Henry, VA, embarking 12 March on three Liberty ships. The convoy passed through Gibraltar and on the night of 30 March suffered a German air attack without casualties to the group. The groundmen disembarked at Brindisi, Italy, and reached the group's present base at Sterparone on Easter Sunday. The aircrews flew their first mission 12 April '44 to Split, Yugoslavia, using another Fortress base. They occupied Sterparone 22 April and began flying from there the next day. In July Colonel York was transferred to the Z.I., and Lt Colonel Willard S. Sperry became deputy CO. Lt. General Brehon Somervell, commanding the ASF and Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson visited the group in August and praised its installations.

As of 29 December 1944 the group had flown 145 missions and 4,320 sorties while dropping in excess of 10,000 tons of bombs. Its members earned 2 Distinguished Service Crosses, 3 Legion of Merit, 23 Silver Stars, 5 Soldiers Medals, 162 Distinguished Flying Crosses, 21 Bronze Stars, 95 Purple Hearts, and 3,717 Air Medals and Clusters.



324TH SERVICE GROUP HISTORY

Headquarters and Headquarters Squadron, 324th Service Group was activated at Orlando Air Base, FL on 2 March 1942. In the throes of the expansion period of the Army Air Forces, the Group did not enter into actual status until it moved to the Army Airport, Lakeland, FL, on 21 August 1942. There in the ensuing month, it picked up a full complement of service units, and, in addition to servicing B-26 Medium Bombardment Groups in their last phase of operational training, maintained the base headquarters.

The Group departed from Lakeland on 26 December 1942 for Fort Dix and overseas processing. Aboard the USAT "Shawnee", farewell was waved to the Grand Old Lady in New York Harbor early morning 14 January 1943. Docking at Oran, Algeria, North Africa, on 26 January 1943, the group mired through standard operating procedures of St. Barbre du Tlelit, "Mud Hill", and La Senia Airport. Ordered to service fighter aircraft at Youkl-les-Bains, the advance party arrived just in time to be evacuated in the face of the German breakthrough at Kasserine Pass. The main body of the group, meanwhile, was stopped at St. Donet, Algeria on 18 February 1943, to prepare an airfield for the arrival of the 301st Bombardment Group. Three days later the responsibility of the airfield at Navarin and servicing the 99th Bombardment was assumed.

On 9 August 1943, the group moved to the Oudna, Tunisia airfields and on 13 September 1943, with the adoption of additional service units, the headquarters moved to Djebel Oust, Tunisia, charged with the responsibility of servicing the Fifth Wing and all of its combat groups. In December 1943, the 324th Service Group moved "en masse" to Italy, establishing Service Center No. 324 at Foggia to continue servicing the entire Fifth Wing.

On 14 January 1945 the "rookie" 324th joins the "veteran" Fifth Wing in anniversary celebration of their operational debut on the same day that we embarked for foreign duty. Today Fifth Wing, largest in the 15th Air Force, is serviced by the largest Service Group in the theatre, and through cooperation of the Wing and Service Group maintains the largest percent of combat aircraft operational of any heavy bombardment wing in the theatre.

History of the 99th Tactics and Training Wing

The 99th Tactics and Training Wing traces its origins back to the 99th Bombardment Group activated on 1 June 1942. The 99th Bombardment Group went unmanned after activation until September 1942 when it transferred to Gowen Field, Ohio. A cadre out of the 29th Bombardment Group at Gowen provided the group with its initial manning. The 99th gained additional personnel and B-17 aircraft after

moving to Walla Walla, Washington at the end of September 1942.

The unit trained with the newly acquired B-17's despite numerous moves and inclement weather. In February 1943, the air echelon flew to North Africa via the southern route, arriving in Algeria in late February. Meanwhile, the ground echelon moved to the east coast, sailing from the New York Port of Embarkation on 29 April 1943 aboard the USS Edmund B. Alexander. The ground echelon arrived in Algeria on 12 May, 1943 and joined the air echelon at Navarin, Algeria on 24 May 1943.

The 99th Bombardment Group entered combat as part of the Twelfth Air Force and flew its first mission on 31 March 1943 against the Villacidro Airdrome, Sardinia. The unit bombed such targets as airdromes, harbor facilities, shipping, railroads, viaducts, and bridges in Tunisia, Sicily, Pantelleria, and Italy until December 1943. The 99th received a Distinguished Unit Citation ((DUC) for performance on 5 July 1943 when the group helped neutralize fighter opposition prior to the invasion of Sicily by penetrating enemy defenses to bomb planes, hangars, fuel supplies, and ammunition dumps at Gerbini airfield.

The 99th transferred to Fifteenth Air Force in November 1943 and moved to an airfield near Foggia, Italy in December 1943. Crews of the 99th flew long-range missions to attack such strategic objectives as oil refineries, marshaling yards, aircraft factories, and steel plants in Italy, France, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece. The unit received its second DUC for withstanding seer fighter assault to bomb the vital aircraft factory and facilities at Weiner Neustadt on 23 April 1944.

The group led the first bombing-shuttle mission into Russia. The 99th bombed rail installations at Debreczen, Hungary on 2 June 1944, then landed at Poltava, Russia. Crews flew one mission from Poltava on 6 June 1944 and on 11 June 1944 returned to Italy, bombing Focsani Airdrome, Rumania en route. Other operations included assisting ground forces at Anzio and Cassino, February-March, 1944; and supporting the Allied Offensive in the Po Valley, April 1945. The group inactivated in Italy on 8 November 1945.

The unit activated and redesignated in the Reserve at Birmingham, Alabama as the 99th Bombardment Group (Very Heavy) on 29 May, 1947. The 99th Bombardment inactivated on 27 June 1949.

The unit activated as the 99th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing on 1 January 1953, replacing the 111th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing at Fairchild Air Force Base, Washington. The 99th performed global photographic, electronic, and visual day/night strategic reconnaissance, January 1953 - September 1956. as a primary mission to late 1954 and thereafter as a secondary mission. From January 1955 to February 1956, one tactical squadron additionally had a FICON (Fighter Interceptor Carrier, Reconnaissance) mission in which GRB-36s tested carrying RF-84FS under the fuselage of bombers to extend the range of the interceptors. The wing was redesignated as the 99th Bombardment Wing (Heavy) on 1 October, 1955 and strategic bombardment became the wing's primary mission in late 1954, with RB-36s to August 1956 and B-52s from December 1956.

In January 1966, the wing became responsible for operating and maintaining Westover Air Force Base, Massachusetts. That same month it gained a KC-135 tanker squadron and added air-refueling to the wing's mission. The new squadron also operated EC -135s which performed a PACCS (Post Attack Command Control

System) mission in support of Eighth Air Force until March 1970.

The wing loaned all tactical and maintenance and some other support resources to SAC forces in the Pacific Southeast Asia area for combat operations in the SEA conflict on several occasions beginning in 1967. During October 1967, April 1968, September 1968, March 1969, March - June 1970 and April 1972 - March 1974, most of the wing's tactical resources and large portions of its support resources were on loan to SAC organizations engaged in combat operations. During these periods, the reduced 99th Wing's primary mission was operation and maintenance of Westover Air Force Base. Wing personnel worked toward inactivation of the wing and phased-down of Westover AFB from April 1973 to March 1974. The 99th Bombardment Wing Inactivated at Westover AFB, Massachusetts on 31 March 1974.

Strategic Air Command activated the 99th Strategic weapons Wing on 10 August 1989. The wing was redesignated as the 99th Tactics and Training Wing on 1 September 1991. The wing joined the 28th Wing and 44th Missile Wing at Ellsworth Air Force Base, South Dakota. The 99th brings with it a proud heritage of distinguished service and continues accomplishing a critical task: preparing aircrews to successfully counter defensive threats and deliver weapons at any altitude in a combat environment --a mission promising daily challenges for its men and women. The wing motto is "CAVEAT AGGRISORES - Let aggressors beware".

During the Persian Gulf War, 131 personnel (40% of the wing's assigned strength) deployed to CONUS and overseas locations in support of Desert Shield and Desert Storm. Wing tanker facticians rapidly developed tactical employment Rules of Engagement for the Persian Gulf theater and briefed aircrews on tactics techniques. The 99th CAMS deployed the majority of its personnel to ensure the B-52 force was capable of delivering ordnance. The intelligence personnel debriefed aircrews and provided combat analysis. The 25th Flying Tactics Training Squadron and Bomber/Tanker Employment School personnel flew over 100 B-52 combat sorties over Iraq. This was the first war in which 99th Tactics and Training wing personnel participated and was, as Secretary of Defense Cheney declared, "the most successful air campaign in the history of the world".

Friends Are Like Angels

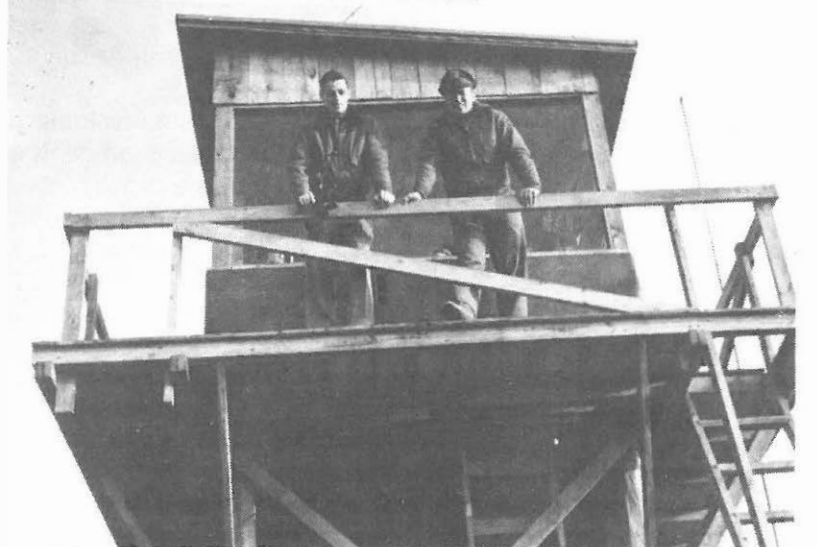
Our friends are like angels,
Who brighten our days.
In all kinds of wonderful,
Magical ways.

Their thoughtfulness comes,
As a gift from above.
And we feel we're surrounded,
By warm, caring love.

Like upside-down rainbows,
Their smiles bring the sun.
And they fill ho-hum moments,
With laughter and fun.

Friends are like angels,
Without any wings.
Blessing our lives,
With the most precious things.

Paul Franklin, 99th Group Operations Officer & Al Schroeder, Deputy Group Commander at Tortorella Control Tower.



SHUTTLE TO RUSSIA

A NARRATIVE BY B-17 FORTRESS GROUPS OF THE FIFTH WING, 15TH AIRFORCE.

A shuttle program of bombers from Italy to Russia and return was inaugurated this week. Bombers of the Fifth Wing (15th Air Force) left Italy base(s) on June 2, 1944 and remained in Russia for nine days, returning to Italy with one loss. The Balkans were heavily bombed going and returning.

The whole operation had been planned in close cooperation with the Russians. We arose at one o'clock on the morning of 2 June '44 for a careful, 2 hour briefing on the targets we would bomb on the way to Russia and return. General Twining was present at the briefing and let us know this was to be the most important mission of the war to date. He said that future operations in Russia depended largely upon the results of this mission.

We took off at the crack of dawn with our assigned target a railroad yard and junction north of Budapest. It was a sunny, clear day. We were deep in enemy territory as we neared the target. This is a critical time for encountering enemy fighters and flak, or both, at a moment's notice. We were two minutes from the target with bomb bay doors open. We could look down thru the doors and see the city below. It looked to be a quiet place with no activity on the streets, of course at nearly 5 miles up very little could be seen. At last the bombardier shouted over the interphone, "bombs away", and bombs started to drop out every few seconds. The first bomb could be seen hitting the corner of the assigned target and the roof of a building blew off. About three hundred tons of bombs were dropped on the assigned targets by the four participating groups of the 5th Wing. Photographs showed the targets were well covered. No flak or fighters were encountered on this mission.

No signs of action were seen as the Russian border was crossed, but as we came down from altitude we began to see signs of wrecked towns and villages which had been razed by the Russian "Scorched Earth Policy" as they retreated.

It was raining as we approached the city of Plotava, our shuttle base. From the air we could see people as they came out to greet us. The great square and every street were black with figures. They could be seen waving and probably they were shouting too.

The greenness of the country was most impressive, very much like a scene in the states. Poltava is located in the heart of the Ukraine which is the bread basket of Russia. We saw red clover and potato patches, even in the streets of town.

The landing field was large and up to date. It had been used by the Russians as a training field before the war. All of the main buildings were destroyed. We lived in tents that were set up waiting for us. The actual runway was steel matting which had been laid for our arrival, principally by women. Two women could carry a section of matting as if it were play. We had been briefed about the work the Russian women did. We found that nothing had been exaggerated. They did the same work as men, cheerfully.

Russia has its WAACS too. They are husky, well built, have no makeup, and wear servicible uniforms along with sturdy black boots. These women did most everything that men soldiers' did, including guard duty. It looked funny to see girl soldiers march around with long rifles on their shoulders. The rifles had fixed bayonets, and the total length must have been six feet. The men looked rather raggedly clothed, but their uniforms were clean. Two things in particular stand out about these Russian servicemen and women. They all looked very well fed and healthy. There was no sign of a lack of vitamins in spite of the food shortage.

We had the opportunity to visit the nearby town several times. We had seen many bombed out towns in Africa and Italy but this was the worst one we had seen to date. All of the large town buildings were either bombed or burned down. Most of the small dwelling houses had been spared. A surprising thing was that all the dirt and rubble had been carried away by the people. The streets looked wonderfully clean, as if they had been scrubbed and polished. When the kids gathered around us in town we were not afraid to touch them, without experiencing that involuntary shudder that we experience in Italy. The people are not beggars, and hesitate to accept candy and cigarettes without giving us some souvenir in return. It is a proud race of people, and they are proud of the work they are doing. Everybody was on war work and they went about their work seriously. Most of the soldiers we saw had come back from the front lines for a rest period. Resting didn't mean lounging around, it meant they were away from the front lines, but they worked just the same. Some had been wounded, and others had been sent back because they had been at the front too long. One evening some of us went to a nearby river to do some fishing. Our luck was no good. On the return trip we picked up a soldier and a WAAC who were hitch hiking to town. We learned from them that the girl was a sniper and had 24 Germans to her credit.

Russian mechanics worked on our planes, and they were rapidly learning the details of the Fortresses. These men had been sent back from the front to study engine mechanics, and you can imagine they had the will to learn quickly.

Because they are serious about the war and their jobs does not mean they are solemn. We found most of them to be happy and possess a great sense of humor. They went out of their way to entertain us.

They had concerts for us nearly every night and demonstrated their folk dances. After the concerts they held dances in which the soldiers could participate. The Russian dancers are good dancers and the tunes are similar to ours.

While at the Russian base we went on one bombing mission to an airfield near Galatz, Danube Delta Port. The mission was successful and there were no losses.

Some of the people asked questions about the war in other spheres but they were interested mainly in what Russia was doing. They were not clear about the activities of the English and American armies since our lines had been static during the last six months, and this heightened the impression that Russia had been doing all the fighting, but the announcements of the fall of Rome and the opening of the Western Invasion did much to change that.

At the end of nine days we loaded the planes with incendiary bombs and proceeded to a Rumanian airfield at Focsani 130 miles northeast of Bucharest. On the return trip we had several anxious moments. About 75 to 100 enemy fighters jumped our formation and shot one of our planes down in the 97th Group. The flak was heavy and accurate and we could feel our planes being bounced about by the explosions. We were lucky in not being hit, and all planes, except the one, returned to Italy bases intact.

The first shuttle bombing mission had been made and it was considered highly successful by higher headquarters. Whether it will be repeated is anybody's guess.

June 26, 1944 - - The Eight Air Force in England was selected to make the second shuttle run to Russia. They loaded bombs in England and bombed a Rumanian Oil Field enroute to Russia. They landed at Poltava, the same base we used the week before. After they landed, a German reconnaissance plane flew over the base. Anti aircraft batteries opened up but failed to hit the plane. That night the Germans bombed the field. They flew in at about eight thousand feet and succeeded in destroying sixty-four of the seventy-two planes parked on the field. Only two Americans were killed. A pilot and copilot as they were coming in from the field. It was a great blow to the Eight Air Force. The succeeding nights the remaining planes were distributed to several fields. They had no missions from the Russian bases, but loaded bombs and dropped them on a Rumanian oil field enroute to Italy bases. They lost no more planes on the return flight to Italian bases. They flew one mission from here to Yugoslavia and returned to this base. They were here for two days and bombed a target in southern France on their way to England. They were glad to get to England as they didn't like our primitive way of living. Back to civilization they called it.



Korum's Crew

Front Row - L. to R.

Dan Jones - Bombardier

Duncan Monroe - Navigator

Jack Upton - Pilot

Elmer Madsin - Copilot

Back Row - L. to R.

Tom Hernandez - Tail Gunner

Dick Freeman - Ball Turret Gunner

Willis Korum - Radio Operator

Ed. Smith - Engineer/Gunner

Bill Sutiyo - Rt. Waist Gunner

Left Waist Gunner Absent



DEAR CREEK MAN ON
50 MISSIONS



T.-SGT. WILLIS T. KORUM

15TH AAF IN ITALY—Technical Sergeant Willis T. Korum, 21, of R. No. 2, Deer Creek, Minn., has flown his 50th long-range bombing mission in the Mediterranean area when the Italian-based heavy bombers blasted the oil storage dumps at Regensburg, Germany Jan. 20, 1945. Sgt. Korum, a radio operator on a B-17 Flying Fortress, is with the 15th AAF.

A 1941 graduate of Deer Creek high school, Korum was employed as an apprentice airplane mechanic for the Northwest Airlines prior to his induction in the armed forces on April 10, 1943. He attended gunnery school at Yuma, Ariz., where he earned his gunners wings on Feb. 21, 1943. Korum began his combat flying career with an attack on the Ploesti oil refineries, Rumania on July 22, 1944 and gas since ranged over targets in Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the Balkans. His parents are Mr. & Mrs. T. W. Korum of Deer Creek. He wears the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf clusters.

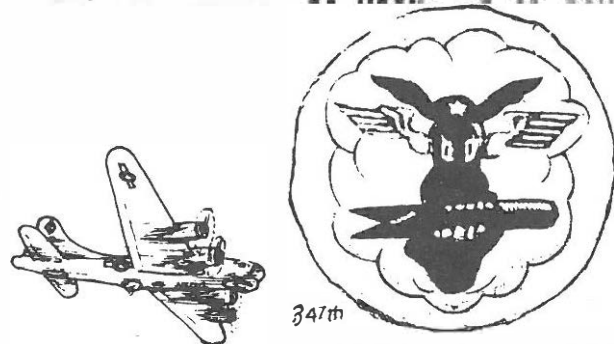
ATT: MR. ROY WORTHINGTON;

CONCERNING THE TWO PHOTOS ON THE FRONT OF THE FEB. NEWS LETTER, THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS T/SGT. E. W. (TEX) MORTON, THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS T/SGT. MIKE JOHNS. WE WERE IN CREW 6-D-50 347th.SQDN. WE WERE BOTH T/SGT'S BUT THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE STRIPES TO ISSUE THEM TO US. BOTH PHOTOS ARE 50 MISSIONS PHOTOS.

SGT. MORTIN WAS RADIO OPERATOR AND GUNNER. SGT. JOHNS WAS FLIGHT ENGINEER AND TOP TURRET GUNNER. WE STARTED OUR MISSIONS ON MAY 1st.1944 WITH LT. DAVID WEINBERG AS PILOT. AFTER NINE MISSIONS HE WAS TRANSFERED AND MAJ. CHARLES B. KATZENMEYER BECAME OUR PILOT. HE WAS ALSO OPERATION OFFICER IN THE 347th. SQDN. WE FLEW THE REMAINDER OF OUR MISSIONS WITH HIM. WE FINISHED OUR 50 MISSION ABOUT THE FIRST OF OCT. 1944

SGT. MORTON AND I STILL ATTEND THE REUNIONS WHEN EVER POSSIBLE. AFTER THE WAR WE TRIED TO LOCATE MAJ. KETZENMEYER BUT HAD NO LUCK, THEN ON DEC. 25th1998 LOCATED HIM ON THE INTERNET,CALLED HIM AND MADE PLANS TO VISIT WITH HIM, THEN ONE WEEK LATER WE GOT A CALL FROM HIS SON. HE TOLD US THAT THE MAJOR HAD PASSED AWAY ON NEW YEARS DAY, 1999.

ENCLOSED IS AN ARTICLE ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO LYONS, FRANCE ON MAY 25th.1944 IT MIGHT BE OF SOME INTEREST TO THE MEN WHO FLEW THIS MISSIOM.



YOURS SINCERELY ,

MIKE JOHNS *Mike Johns*
342 WOODVIEW DR.

NOBLESVILLE, IN. 46060-1230

FEB. 28th.2000

15th. A.F. 99th. B.G. 347th. Sqdn.

From the dairy of T/Sgt. Mike Johns Jr.

Mission to Lyons, France May 25th. 1944

Crew # 6-D-50 Pilot Lt.David Weinberg.

Group did not reach the target. The Group got off course ending up over enemy lines at altitude of 8 to 10 thousand feet. Wewere hit by intense and very accurate flak.The planes scattered to escape the flak. Then tried to regroup to return to base.

All planes were severely damadged. One plane was reported as missing which was our plane B-17 # 232092 We had two (2) engines out and the third (3rd.) went out as we approached a small air base near Naples, Italy.

We landed with three (3) engines out. Bombardier Lt. C. Gardner and Navigator Lt. J. King were both wounded by flying plexiglass. We counted fifty-three (53) flak holes in nose section of plane

Special S.2. Narrative Report From Group Hqds.

Mission; 25th. May 1944- Lyons, France.

I. ENEMY RESISTANCE

- A. Fighters; No enemy fighters were encountered.
B. Flak; This Group did not reach their target. The Group got off course ending up over enemy lines in the vicinity of

Frosinone at 8 to 10 thousand feet, where they were hit by intense flak. In taking evasive action, the Group became scattered, They tried to reform again over the coast but because of difficulty in doing so, and heavy flak damage suffered by a number od A/c they returned to base. Twenty-Four (24) A/C jettisoned their bombs and ten (10) A/C returned their bombs to base.

II. May 25th. 1944. What might have been one of our most important mission turned into near disaster. The target had been Lyons, France some 1,300 miles or more round trip and the longest yet scheduled. But crossing Italy our planes inadvertantly got over the fron lines at 9,000 feet and were shot to pieces by German flak. The planes scattered to escape the flak and had to limp home without completing the mission. Fortunately no planes were lost, although one landed at Naples on one (1) engine, another had a propeller shot off and a third landed at home base without brakes, and ran wild through line service squadron, ending up in an embankment.

III. CONCLUSION:

T A/C. reported missing landed at Pomigliona A/D. at Naples, Italy with three (3) engines out.

Plane; B-17 #232092 347th Sqdn Crew # 6-D-50 Pilot Lt.David Weinberg.
Pilot; Lt. David Weinberg Flt/Eng Top Gunner T/Sgt. M. Johns
Co-Pilot; Lt. Edward Grey R/Opr Gunner T/Sgt. E. Morton
Nav; Lt. James King Waist Gunner S/Sgt H. Schumacher
Bomb. Lt. Chas Gardner Waist Gunner S/Sgt. C. Sherman
Ball Gunner S/Sgt. C. Hicks
Tail Gunner S/Sgt N. Mosley

.....
A man was walking along a California beach deeply praying: "Lord, you have promised to give me the desires of my heart. That is what I'm praying for right now. Please confirm that thou wilt give me my wish."

The sky clouded up over his head and a booming voice spoke to him: "I have searched your heart and found it to be pure. The last time I granted a blank wish was to Solomon. He did not disappoint me in his request for wisdom. Because you have been faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you the one wish you ask for."

The man realized he had to be very careful about formulating his wish and pondered it a good while. Eventually he spoke again: "Lord, I have always wanted to go to Hawaii, but I'm deathly afraid of flying and I get dreadfully seasick on boats. Could you build a bridge to Hawaii so I can drive over there whenever I want?"

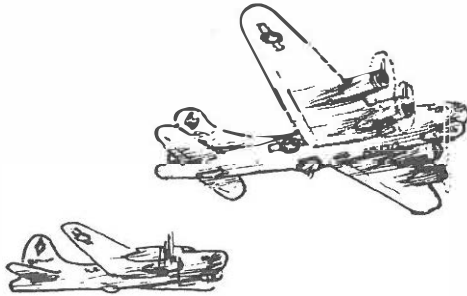
The Lord laughed and said: "That's bordering on the impossible! Think about the logistics, how the supports would all have to bear on the ocean floor, the concrete and steel. Your request is very materialistic, and indeed disappointing. I could do it but it's hard for me to justify your craving for worldly things. Take some more time to think about it and think of another wish, a wish that you think would honor and glorify Me as well."

After much thought, the man said: "Lord, I've been married and divorced four times. My wives always said I don't care, that I'm insensitive. So I wish I could understand women. I want to know how they feel inside and what they're thinking about when they give me the silent treatment. I want to know why they're crying, what they're really thinking when they say 'nothing.' I want to know how to really make them happy. That's my wish, Lord."

In a moment God asked: "Do you want two lanes or four on that bridge?"

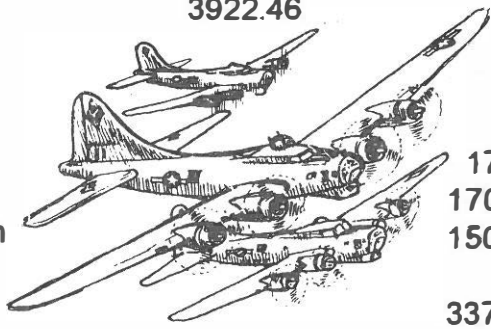
99th BGHS
Statement of Income and Expenditures
First Quarter 2000

Balance 31 Dec. 1999				
General Fund			22374.05	
Reunion Fund			13882.51	
Total			36256.66	

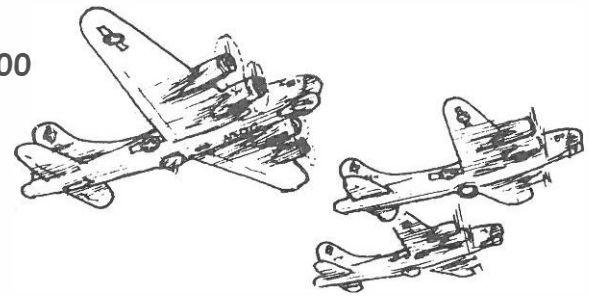


Income:				
Dues and Donations	3575.00			
Interest Gen Fund	219.66			
Interest Reunion Fund	127.80			
Total	3922.46		40179.12	

Expenses:				
Postage		176.30		
Printing		1702.70		
Jacksonville Reunion		1500.00		
Misc				
Total		3379.00		



Balance 31 March 2000				36800.12
General Fund			24289.71	
Reunion Fund			12510.41	



.....

The following is taken from a letter to Bill Somers and Don Power and is an account of a trip I took to locate the grave of our First Pilot, Robert Neely. We had learned from records obtained from the V. A. that Bob had returned to the Air Force for a 28 year career, had died of cancer at the age of 63 in 1987, and was buried in a cemetery in Atascadero, California. I had visited the beautiful old cemetery located on a high hill above the Salinas River on a previous trip. It was a cold and rainy Saturday and no employees were on duty to help me.

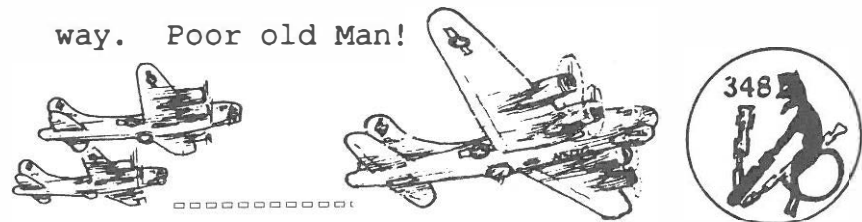
March 18, 1999

My trip north this time was on a beautiful early spring day. Atascadero is at the high end of the Salinas Valley where they have a much colder winter than here in Santa Barbara. The cemetery was showing off with early flowers and flowering trees. The regular office person was ill that day so I was helped by two young men in their early twenties, I would guess, who had been cutting grass. I told them that I was looking for the grave of Colonel Robert C. Neely and who that person had been to me by showing them the picture of the six of us in front of "The Old Lady." Turned out that they were both wild about B-17s and learning anything about the air war and the men who flew them. They had recently seen programs about gunners on the History and Discovery channels and here was a real live person who had been a Tail Gunner and could they ask me some questions, SIR? They were so polite and interested and called me Sir with every question--i.e., Like who was each of the people in the picture and what position did they fly? etc., etc. Their attitude was really quite moving and I finally said that I must be keeping them from their work as grounds keepers. The one had looked in the files for the location of Bob's grave and I followed him down there in my car and he left me--after saying--"Is there anything else I can do for you today, Sir?" I thanked him for his kindness and he was off back up the hill in his pickup.

So, I stood there for a while and thought about Bob and how sorry I was that I hadn't known where he was living as I had passed by on Highway 101 so many times before he died. (I saw him last in Italy around the first of July 1945, which was a few days before I left to return home. He had recently celebrated his twenty-second birthday, so to me he will always remain the handsome young man in the picture.) It did not look like anyone had been to the grave

for sometime--no flowers, etc., and dirt and leaves in the flower holder. I cleaned it out and found a smooth white stone and put it there to show that someone had visited. Then I came to attention and I saluted and I said out loud and clear, "This is from Bill and Don and Red, Dear Sir, We held you in very high esteem." And then I started to cry and I got back in my car and drove back down the winding road wiping my eyes and crying all the way. Poor old Man!

John "Red" Patterson
348th Squadron



Bernie Barr
99th Bomb Group Historical Society
7408 Vista Del Arroyo
Albuquerque, N M 97109

18 February 2000

BERNIE, per your request for stories and pictures from our past, I am finally getting around to cooperating with the following, if you find them newsworthy.

1) This has nothing to do with the 99th but I think it is an interesting story.. In June and August of 1932, the 49th Bombardment Squadron from Langley Field sent nine B-6A 'giant' bombers to my home town of Salisbury, Maryland to participate in the town's bicentennial celebration. It was a small town, Prohibition was in force, and these flyers had no source of entertainment or relaxation - except for the tourist home my father and mother operated. My father had lost in the Great Depression four concurrently operated businesses. He had a glass business, an amusement park on the beach in Delaware, a stable of racing dogs, and he sponsored dances in the local Armory. Believe it or not, I remember Cab Calloway, among others. In conjunction with the tourist home, he also became a bootlegger, in that he made his own beer. It must have been good stuff, because I remember the chief of police as a customer, and years later he told me that even some of the revenue agents used to drop in unofficially for a beer. Naturally, the men of the 49th gravitated to the tourist home for the pleasures to be found there, and they were there day and night. As an eight year old boy, I was awed and captivated by these men with their boots, breeches, Sam Brown belts, overseas caps, and wings - and they spoiled me rotten. One day they took me out to the airport, put me in the gunner's pit in the nose, started the engines and taxied around the field. I shot down more Fokkers with that pissant .30 cal machine gun than Eddie Rickenbacker ever dreamed of.

Nine years and a few months later the country was at war, and eleven years later so was I. I have often wondered if

any of those men who carried me around piggyback, brought me candy, and showed me their bomber ever got to be well-known or famous. I have quit procrastinating and have written to the Historical Center at Maxwell Field to see if they can come up with a squadron roster, or any other information. If you decide to print this, and any information is forthcoming, I will let you know.

2) On 11 March 1944, in #513 (El Diablo) with Bill Hunnewell as pilot, we were tail-end Charlie for the squadron, group, and wing, headed for Padua. Crossing the coast of Italy, we were hit by flak and lost an engine, and naturally began to lag behind. At some point, and for a reason I do not remember, we lost another engine, so we wisely headed back out over the Adriatic. I could not get rid of the bombs either electrically or manually and we were losing altitude fast, so as soon as everything removable was thrown out I went back to the bombbay to start earning my pay. With our engineer having a death grip on my belt, I managed to drop the bombs through the bombbay doors, and almost went with them, with no parachute. While he and I were performing our heroics, we were jumped by nine ME-109s, and since our guns and ammo were at the bottom of the sea we were sitting ducks. When we came out of the bombbay, we were told that the ME's were driven off by fighters with red tails, which we assumed were from the 99th Fighter Squadron. I never gave it anymore thought until 1991 when General Benjamin Davis came to Buffalo to be the commencement speaker at a local college. The college president was a friend so he arranged for me to meet Gen. Davis. My purpose was to thank him and his men for possibly saving my life that day. I told him the story and we had a nice conversation. And he was tactful enough that he didn't tell me I was wrong, that they were not flying escort at that time. He gave me an autographed copy of his book, which is how I discovered the truth. He would have been an outstanding guest speaker if I could have had a reunion in Buffalo. Last year, the National Warplane Museum had some of the survivors as guests at a monthly dinner. I met them all and we had a nice BS session.

If the foregoing is of any interest, please use it, and feel free to do any editing necessary.

I am enclosing two photos of Weary Willie, and Hunnewell's crew, if you can use them. One picture has only nine of us because our waist gunner had been killed over Treviso. The new man in the picture had been a cook who decided he wanted to be a gunner. I do not remember his name. The names and positions of each man is on the back of the photo.

By the way, I never did read where anyone came up with an answer about the 17's flying through a wall of flak.

Yours truly,

DeAlton T. Booth (Buzz)
106 Peck Street
Buffalo, N Y 142112



P.S. If memory serves, I think Joe Kennedy was our Radio Operator that day. (11 March, '44)

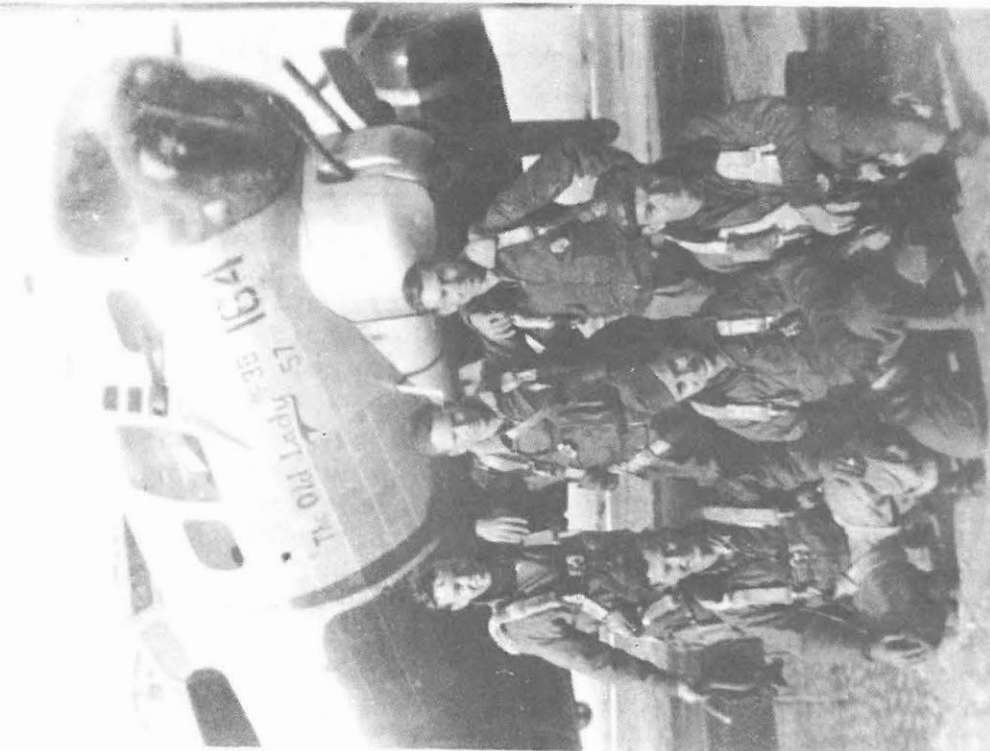
The photos Buzz sent of Weary Willie & crew are on the next page.



Front Row - L. to R.
Murnane - Radio Operator
Unknown - Lt. Waist Gunner
Brenning - Rt. Waist Gunner
Foucke - Engineer/Gunner
Hilliard - Ball Turret Gunner
Szabo - Tail Gunner
 Back Row - L. to R.
Hunnewell - Pilot
Barlow - Copilot
Booth - Bombardier
Kite - Navigator



Back Row - L. to R.
Murnane - Radio Operator
Brenning - Rt. Waist Gunner
Hilliard - Ball Turret Gunner
Szabo - Tail Gunner
Foucke - Engineer/Gunner
 Front Row - L. to R.
Booth - B
Barlow - CP
Hunnewell - P
Kite - N



See Red's letter starting on Page 22.

Front Row - L. to R.
 Elmer Nelson - L. Waist Gunner
 Henry Soriano - Ball Turret Gunner
 ROBERT C. NEELEY - Pilot
 Back Row - L. to R.
 Bill Somers - Engineer Gunner
 'Red' Patterson - Tail Gunner
 Don Power - R. Waist Gunner



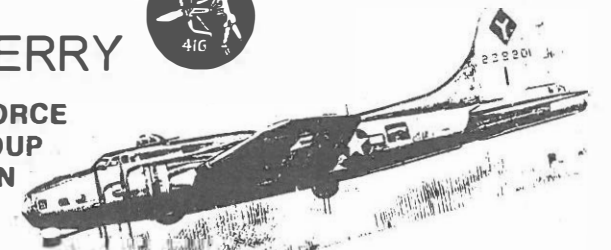
"FOR YOU DER VAR ISS OFER"

By

GEORGE F. PERRY



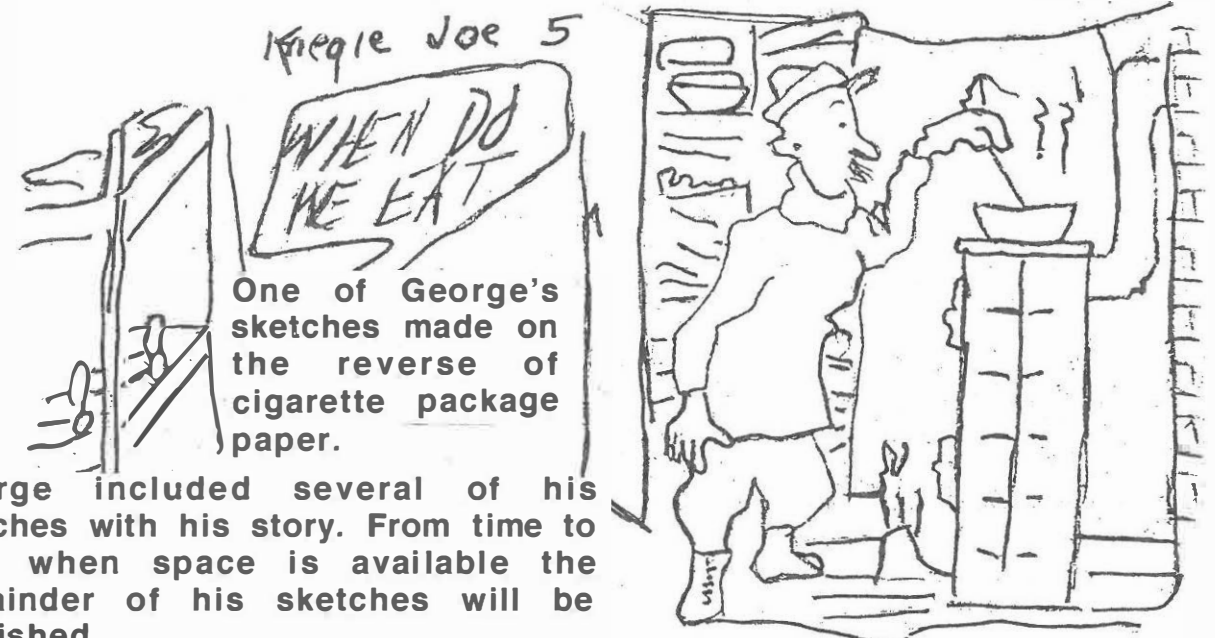
FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE
 99TH BOMB GROUP
 416 SQUADRON



This is the fourth and final installment of George's well written, exciting & trying adventure.

Dedicated to the airmen who flew the B-17 and the ground crews who made it possible.

To refresh your memory you may want to review the prior installments of this story published in our November '99 and prior issues. George's recording of his adventure is and will be of marked historical value for generations to come. He has meaningfully supported the objectives of our historical society as have many other members who have submitted their experiences for publication in our newsletter.



One of George's sketches made on the reverse of cigarette package paper.

George included several of his sketches with his story. From time to time when space is available the remainder of his sketches will be published.

I found another use for some of the sugar that accrued in the candy business. In July of '44 our captors graciously offered us an opportunity to go swimming. Small groups were taken outside the barbed wire to an estuary where brush had been cleared from the banks for about one hundred feet. In order to be permitted to go, we had to give our word as officers and gentlemen not to attempt to escape. Under those conditions we were supervised by only one guard, and that rather loosely. I discovered some Himalaya blackberries growing on adjacent bushes; I swam a little and picked a hatfull of berries. On the second and last trip to dip, I took a larger container, but was lucky to get a hat full as others had discovered my booty. The berries, cooked with the sugar, made great fresh blackberry jam.

A large brick building was located about two hundred yards south of the compound across a field. The building was used as a training center for German soldiers who would man the antiaircraft guns and manage the large, listening ears. We called it the Flak School. Frequently a small plane of ancient vintage would fly overhead for the students to practice tracking. We referred to the pilot as "Fearless Fosdick." From time to time Fearless would throw out strips of foil called chaff which was used by the Allies to confuse German radar.

Tunneling was one of our chief pastimes. I don't know of any that were successful in providing an escape passage, but they did provide escape from boredom and kept our guards busy. One of the problems we encountered was dirt disposal . . . after all, a pile of dirt outside a barrack would be a dead giveaway. We had three main methods of disposal. Dumping it into the latrine was the easiest but caused sanitation problems when the Germans refused to pump them out. Our latrines were long buildings built over a six-foot-deep cement trough topped by a string of open holes. From time to time the "Honey Wagon" would arrive to empty the trough. This was a horse-drawn vehicle attended by two, very old men. Another disposal was the distribution of dirt by exercisers as they walked around the compound dropping a handful at a time from loaded pockets. However, the most creative method was to start a raised garden bed in full view of the guard towers. The gardens spread over a large area and rose to great heights before drawing undue attention. The only food I ever remember eating from the garden was radishes.

We were frequently treated to a bit of drama just outside the fence. A guard would dress in clothing made from American uniforms but altered to make him look like a civilian. The ever-present German Shepherd and Doberman guard dogs were trained to attack anyone so attired. A guard would walk his dog while a victim "hid" behind a bush. The ensuing attack got the attention of many POW's. Guards frequently walked their dogs on leashes through the compound. Fortunately the leashes were strong because the dogs seemed to lunge and snarl most of the time. Sometimes I am still not comfortable in the

Tunnels dug through the sandy soil needed lots of shoring up. The most readily available wood for the job were the bed slats in our bunks. Of course a bunk without slats was no bunk at all. In one expansion of the camp the Germans had left a double, barbed-wire fence to stand idle inside the compound. Many feet of wire were collected and stripped of barbs to be strung in our bunks to replace the slats before Jerry got wise and put a damper on the operation. To obtain the wire we would create a disturbance at a distance while someone heisted the wire.

In the Spring a tunnel was completed to well beyond the barbed-wire fence and twelve men were readied to escape. In the middle of the night they made their way to the end of the runway and, as planned, carefully cut out a circle of sod through which they would make their escape. As the sod was cautiously moved to the side and the lead man slowly inched his head out into the darkness of the night, he looked directly into the barrels of three rifles pointed at his head. We decided the Germans were aware of the tunnel and thought the activity was a fine way to keep a good number of men busy.

I had a real surprise in late July, '44. Andy Andrews, a roommate from my sophomore year in college turned up in the same compound! It was like a letter from home. North 2 Compound was just being completed and we asked permission to move in order to room together. Permission was granted and we took up residence in the new compound with new roommates, and new bunks, and no bedbugs. In 1992, forty-eight years later, ten of those roommates had been located and seven held a reunion in Denver that year. Our ages were nearly tripled and our looks had changed, but the bond was stronger than it had been those many years ago.

Thanksgiving and Christmas '44 were celebrated in North Compound 2. On one of those joyous occasions we received special Red Cross parcels containing canned turkey. After the turkey was consumed someone saved a can in good shape and presented it to a new Kriege (POW) with a miniature whole turkey inside. This supposedly dehydrated bird was to be soaked until reconstituted, stuffed and roasted as if he were home. In truth it was the carcass of a sparrow, neatly plucked, cleaned, and looked very much like a tiny turkey.

Any cat that entered the compound in times of our hunger immediately became a four-legged chicken. Though I never had the privilege of sharing in one of those occasions, I was told that it was very tasty. Reversing the order of things in the outside world, food rather than women was The Topic of conversations.

Though our weight dropped because of our eating habits, or lack thereof, our health was, in general, fairly good. After all, we were the cream of America's young men in their prime of life. In January of '45, I acquired a sore throat that persisted. My roommates knew that I was really sick when I lost my appetite. After lock-up about a week later, I was delirious and burning with fever. They were able to get word out and I was carried from North Compound 2, past North 1, to the infirmary connected to South Compound. As the cold temperature of the winter night cooled my fever I felt better, but soon after entering a warm room, the fever and delirium took over again. The doctor who examined me had been the Chief of the British Medical Corps at Dunkirk. Taken prisoner while British troops were being evacuated from Dunkirk four years earlier, he had refused repatriation in order to stay with the troops where he was most needed. Through my delirium I was aware of people talking but had to be brought up-to-date on the topic of conversation later. The doctor diagnosed my problem as diphtheria for which he had no medication. He instructed the aides to put me out in the cold room where I would be more comfortable and indicated that they would probably bury me the next day.

I am firmly convinced of God's hand in my recovery because what happened next is nothing short of a miracle. Things happened that had never happened before. Understand, all of this had to be told to me later and was told by people who shook their heads in wonder and disbelief. No one traveled at night in that part of war-torn Germany, yet a representative of the Geneva Accord arrived later that same night to call on that particular doctor who was taken prisoner too early in the war to have seen the new miracle drugs. He brought with him a supply that saved my life. I was treated with penicillin . . . the fever broke immediately and I lived!

The illness took me down to 140 pounds and too weak to move. The doctor came to my bed frequently to shake his head in wonder and to tease me about being dead and now in Heaven. When I was strong enough to sit up and see my legs I was alarmed to see the bag of skin hanging from the bones. The staff gave me a lot of attention as a result of my miraculous recovery.

Since that time I have come to realize that God had a plan for my life when He allowed me to recover. He called upon me to become a high-school teacher so that I could influence the lives of many young people. There is no shadow of doubt in my mind that GOD IS. Nor is there any question that God speaks to us through His word, the Bible, and through His spirit living in us. I have come to know that life does not end when I leave this body. He has promised that we shall have life everlasting and we must choose where we will spend it, with Him or in hell. He bought my ticket to take the trip with Him by sending His son, Jesus Christ, that whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life. Many through the ages have tried and many still are trying to work their way in, buy their way in, think their way in, or sneak in. God's word tells us there is only one way. Jesus, Himself said, "I am the way and the truth and the life and no man comes unto the Father but by Me." Either Jesus is who He claims to be or He is the biggest liar who ever lived. I stake my life on His honesty and claim Him as my Lord and Savior. My fervent wish for you is that you can know Him as I do, for therein lies our only hope.

When I was finally strong enough to return to North 2 there was a real shortage of food parcels and even German supplies. It was still winter with snow on the ground and I was allowed to remain in the barracks during the two Roll Call formations each day. My other perk was a temporary issue of white bread in place of the heavy black stuff.

From our position north of Berlin, we were in the path of many bombing raids headed for the heart of Germany. Also, we were just west of Pena Munde, the launch site of Hitler's buzz bombs aimed at London. We could see them take off in great clouds of smoke and though we couldn't see the actual bombs, the contrails drew lines across our sky from east to west. The guards became nervous as the Russians approached from the east and warning shots were fired on many occasions. At least one Kriegy was shot in the head and killed when caught outside during an air raid. He had been in the latrine which was off limits and tried to get back to his barracks.

We began to hear the sounds of artillery battles to the east as the Russians came closer and the buzz bombs from Pena Munde stopped drawing lines across our sky. From time to time, after the lights were out, a strong voice would cut into the quiet of night with "Come On Joe"(Joe Stalin) to be joined by a chorus of cheers and more "Come On Joe" shouts. Now when we heard "Ja, fer you der var iss ofer" it was always a wistful remark as they contemplated what was coming.

We got word that Hitler had ordered the "Final Solution" for all prisoners of war. This was confirmed when the Swiss radio, heard by BBC in London, reported "In the last days of the war Adolph Hitler ordered all Allied prisoners of war shot." However, Dr. Bruckhart,

President of International Red Cross, said the Wehrmacht had refused to carry out the orders. In the mean time our leaders prepared us for resistance. The German Commandant told our Senior Officer, Colonel Gabreski, to prepare us for evacuation as we would be marching west. Gabreski convinced the Commandant that his manpower was inadequate to supervise such a march, and it would be a no-win situation for everyone.

By the first of May the ground fighting was within earshot, and we awakened one morning to the sound of explosions. We had to wonder whether the Russians were advancing and the Germans resisting? Were we again in the line of fire? No, it was the Germans preparing to evacuate and destroying what they didn't want to fall into enemy hands. Then we noted that the guard towers were empty. There would be no roll call today.

THEY'RE GONE ! THEY'RE GONE ! WE'RE FREE ! Not really . . . we had orders to stay in camp to avoid conflict with the Russians and it was a few days before all shooting was to stop outside the camp.

When we finally ventured out, the Russians we saw were primarily Oriental-looking Mongolians. They were out to do a number on the civilian population, taking a page out of Hitler's book as the Nazis rolled over western Russia. The day before our fences came down some women walked by about a hundred yards from the compound. Though they were pushing two baby buggies, they were women and garnered some whistles and cheers. That is until they moved over a little embankment and we heard five shots ring out. Two babies, two mothers, and a grandmother had decided to die rather than to be subjected to the barbaric treatment being handed out by the Mongolian horde.

Our thoughts were still centered on our stomachs. A contingent was formed to check out the warehouse. Our captors had been stockpiling Red Cross parcels and for the first time the intended received their due, one parcel per man. There were a few gourmet meals containing spam, corned beef, sugar and D-ration bars that we prepared in the barracks' rooms. Someone made a giant batch of chocolate fudge. A number of Kriegies found that stomachs accustomed to short rations were not ready for large quantities of good food.

For fresh meat, a group of men went into a field near the North Compound and captured a deer by surrounding it while others closed in to catch the animal and cut its throat. Others liberated some cows from neighboring farms. The rabbits that had been kept by our guards didn't last longer either. The cats were safe now.

A group was sent to the local airfield to clear the runways and prepare for the airlift that would take us out. The fences came down, but we were told to stay put. The Russians had different plans for us. They refused permission for our planes to fly over "their" territory and land at "their" airfield. Their plan was to take us by train through Russia and out through the southern port of Odessa. Colonels Zemke and Gabreski were adamant in their opposition to this. Again we were prepared to resist an unacceptable plan.

Some of our people went to camp Headquarters and started distributing materials from the German files. I received my official record and POW photographs. Others went

over to the "Flak School" and found a real harvest of souvenirs. I came into possession of several medals including one for German pilots that corresponded to our pilot wings.

WALKING OUT X

Five days after the Germans pulled out there was an air of restlessness in camp. For the first time in over a year there was plenty of food. We had explored the nearby area, but were not venturing far because of the occupying troops. The Russians were hardlining with their evacuation plan and we were getting anxious to head home.

Ten of us, including a man who spoke German, decided to head west on foot. We would have to travel light so I packed all of my "valuables" in a small canvas bag and entrusted it to one of my roommates to bring out, hoping we would somehow get together again. Traveling light, and not realizing how far we had to go to reach the Allied lines, we started walking to the West . . . a motley crew, each with an American flag sewn on his shoulder. We would live off the land.

Our "guide," the only bilingual member of the party, seemed to be in a hurry so we moved out at a good pace. We were amazed at the number of vehicles strewn along side of the road. Some were military but many were farm wagons with dead horses still in the traces; others were civilian automobiles, and we soon discovered why. The Russian troops would commandeer anything that would run. Their driving skills and the bad roads combined with legitimate military traffic, would give an insurance underwriter nightmares. We tried to keep off the main roads. As our German speaking leader continued the fast pace I was hard pressed to keep up, not having fully recovered my strength after my bout with diphtheria.

Towards evening we came to a farm house with a large barn. The German family was still there and welcomed us with open arms because they felt safer with us than with the Russians. The Russian troops were bivouacked in the barn; the family had been allowed to stay in the house and we joined them for the night. The Russians were friendly but cool and drew us a map with a suggested safe route. We were cautioned not to move too fast or to get in the battle zone.

The next morning we were not given breakfast by the Russians and the German family didn't seem to have anything to offer so we headed down the road. Our leader again took off at a good pace which soon became more than I could handle. Another member of the group hung back with me and Dave and I watched as the others went out of sight.

We turned in at the next farm house and found that it, too, had been taken over by the Russians. This time there was no German family in sight. A soldier went to get his commander who appeared after a while in a disheveled, dirty uniform. His eyes were bloodshot and he smelled worse than the discharge from a papermill. Obviously hung over and trying to look hospitable, he sat down for a drink of vodka, but didn't offer us any. Since we couldn't communicate, and, after seeing the conditions there, we knew we didn't want to eat anything from this "pig pen," we moved on.

It was still early May. The sun was shining brightly in a beautiful blue sky. In contrast, the war-ravaged land was sad to see. We often saw bodies, mainly soldiers,

beside the road and in the fields as we walked along. As we passed villages we saw several scaffolds with bodies hanging from them. These we assumed were village leaders rather than soldiers because they wore no uniforms.

I don't remember what we ate or where we slept our second night on the road. The third day as we passed a German airfield, a young man, seeing the American flags, greeted and detained us with great joy while he called to his friends in a nearby barrack. Several people swarmed excitedly out of the building. Americans !!! We were invited to dinner and urged to take up residence with this group of newly-freed slave laborers. There were about twenty men and women, mostly in their early twenties. There, also, was a South African pilot in the group who spoke good English while others seemed only to understand the language. The food was fine and we were in no hurry to leave.

There was an automobile in front of the housing and though Dave worked long and hard he was unable to find a substitute for the distributor rotor. The South African pilot suggested that he and I go down to the hangers where he had spotted what appeared to be a flyable airplane. What a beauty it was. It reminded me of the BT-15 with which I had been in love, even to the yellow wings and blue fuselage. We painted a star in the blue field and went to look for a battery. By the time we got back, installed the battery, and found it would turn the engine, it was getting dark. We would try to find some gasoline the next day and get that beauty in the air.

Early the next morning we arrived just in time to see some Russian soldiers stealing our battery. But that was the least of our problems. A Russian officer and soldier were approaching with the soldier leveling his rifle at us and the officer shouting something we interpreted to mean, "Get your hands in the air." We were quick to comply. The officer ordered a truck and we were carted off to the Central Command post where a high-ranking officer, using an interpreter, explained that it was a Russian airplane, and not ours to play with. Later the Russian offered us a lift toward the American lines, so into the open back of the truck again and on our way. The road was almost impassable with wrecked cars, trucks, and wagons everywhere. Our driver seemed bent on joining them at speeds incompatible with the conditions. At the first opportunity Dave and I thanked him for the lift and took off on foot.

On the road again we were overtaken by a one-horse farm cart driven by a Russian soldier who, seeing our shoulder flags, stopped to offer us a ride. His cargo was two, huge burlap bags full of what looked to be rock salt. He made signs of offering us some which we politely tried to refuse. He found some paper and formed a large cone for each of us which he filled from the bags. It was then that he found a word we understood . . . sucker. This "rock salt" was really sugar which we gladly accepted. Soon he arrived at his destination and we were afoot once more.

The sun was shining as we walked through farmlands which showed little sign of war. The houses were far apart with large stretches of cultivated fields between them. We were overtaken by a threesome, two men and a woman, driving a nice, one-horse carriage. The

buggy had seats for only two so one of the trio always walked. Seeing our American flag patches, they insisted we ride while they walked. With limited English they told us of being Romanians pressed into slave labor by the Germans. They wanted desperately to get out of Russian-held territory because, they said, the Russians were much worse than the Germans. When evening approached we pulled into a farm yard and the three Romanians did all the talking. They arranged for our overnight lodging and went out to the barn to milk a cow. When they brought the milk in they would not let me have any until it had been heated to near boiling to pasturize it. I was happy they were so particular, but it had been a long time since I had fresh milk to drink and I was impatient.

During my impatience I had time to wander around the farmyard where I spotted a healthy-looking rhubarb plant which yielded an arm load of succulent stems. I presented them to the hausfrau. She looked at me sadly and indicated it would be very sour.

I retrieved our two cones of rock sugar from the buggy which I offered her in trade for a big smile and a motherly smooch on the cheek.

In the morning the milk was cold, the cream had separated, and a large pot of stewed rhubarb was ready. What a treat. My companions and common sense cautioned me not to overindulge but my body screamed for more. The penalty phase of this incident started in the late morning when we were on the road again. Frequent emergency stops along the road for the rest of the day slowed our progress considerably and cleaned out my digestive system completely.

Our next stop was at a huge warehouse about the size of a football field. When we investigated, it appeared to be filled with used shoes to a depth of about six feet. Since all of us were in need of shoes, a search was undertaken by each of us for a suitable pair. One by one my companions came up with exclamations of satisfaction when they found the exact shoe for which they were looking. Alas, my search was not so successful. These seemed to have been shoes stolen from small people. I say stolen because we came to the conclusion they were from the Jewish population that Hitler had been systematically eliminating. My size-13 feet just would not submit to any we found. Then the break came! Dave came running over the pile of shoes with a pair of boots. And what boots they were! How a pair of German flying boots found their way to this location is a mystery. They were black with rubber soles, solid-leather feet, suede leather legs that zipped up from ankle height, and fleeced lined from top to toe. The old worn-out shoes I had been wearing went on the pile and I strode out in the Luftwaffe boots, which I still possess.

After several days our Romanian friends brought us to a stopping point. There was a single strand of loosely-strung, barbed wire and a large gathering of people on our side of it. We were told that the Russians had strung the wire and had forbidden anyone to cross it on pain of being shot. The field on the other side of the wire was open and the Allied troops were said to be on the other side of the field. I think we slept in a tent that night and awoke to find the crowd swelling in number on our side of the wire. There was no hint of Russian guards or of possible movement, the overwhelming feelings among the people were fear of the Russians and a desire to get to the Allied side.

I was becoming frustrated, hungry, and tired of waiting. The crowd seemed to be looking to the Americans for leadership. About mid-morning I decided to test the water and stepped over the barbed wire with one foot. Getting no response I put over the other foot. It became very quiet in my vicinity while people watched . . . still no response. Looking up and down the wire and seeing no sign of Russian uniforms I decide to walk toward the Allied lines. About a hundred yards out into the field I turned to see the crowd still lined-up behind the wire barrier. I waved my arm in a manner to indicate "come on" and the tide let loose! Hundreds of people had just been waiting for one stupid fool to stick his neck out, and they came like a wave. No shots were fired . . . no opposition appeared.

The first soldier I met was a Canadian whose unit was holding part of the Allied line. He welcomed me and took me to his Unit HQ where I had a refreshing, hot shower and some new clean clothes. After a filling hot meal and a bottle of very old wine, I crawled into bed and had a restful night's sleep. I started the next morning with a hearty breakfast of Canadian bacon, fresh eggs, hash browns, toast with marmalade, and real coffee (How do you suppose I can remember that breakfast after all these years?) Then I was transported, no, chauffeured the next morning to a nearby airfield where in a short time I was aboard a DC-3 headed for Le Harve, France.

American POW's were being assembled and processed at Camp Lucky Strike near Le Havre. After asking around I was able to locate the tent in which my crew had taken-up temporary abode however, I didn't find them "at home." On my third try I noticed a familiar-looking bag in the tent. Upon examining it I found the treasures I had asked one of my roommates in the POW camp to bring out if he ever had the opportunity. Chances of that happening had to be extremely small. I never did make contact with the crew and have felt guilty about it to this day. Some of that has eased in the last ten years as I have been able to locate all crew members except Engineer Armando Ruiz. Three have died, Tail Gunner Eddie Goldstein, Navigator Howard Bauman, and Armor Gunner Ernest Hettinger. The rest of us have met from time to time at the 99th's annual reunions.

LE HARVE AND HOME

X I

At the earliest opportunity I boarded a ship at Le Harve to head for home. It was unimportant what ship as long as it was going the right direction . . . West. Imagine my surprise when I realized I was aboard the SS Monticello, the same ship that had delivered me to North Africa two years earlier. This time we were in a convoy; even with the war ended, there was concern that German subs might still be active in the Atlantic.

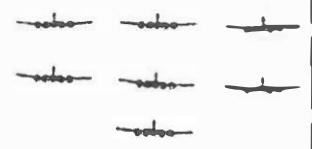
The crossing was uneventful except for an unwelcomed storm. As we passed through it I saw gigantic, deck-drenching waves higher than I ever hope to see again. The Monticello was very stable and cut cleanly through the waves, but some of the smaller ships seemed to be standing on end from time to time. The crossing took several, long days.

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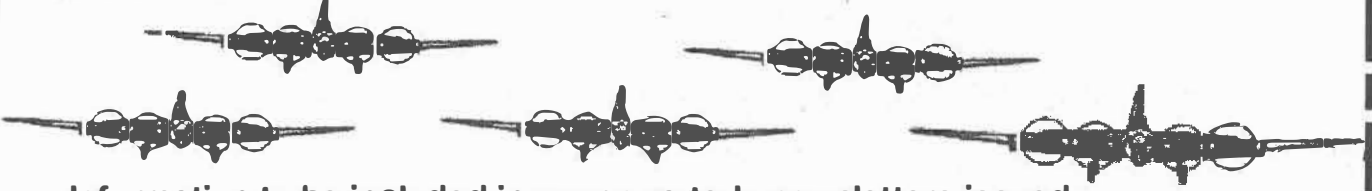


To keep our issues interesting & historical we need more & more personal stories & photographs. **KEEP THEM COMING!** It's nice to have your personal photo in WW II garb (work or dress) for the front page of future issues. Don't worry about size as they can be reduced or enlarged without damage to fit the space. Your originals will be returned. Your name, rank, & ground or crew position are needed, of course.

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Finally!! That for which we were all looking appeared . . . The Statue of Liberty.
There were very few dry eyes among the returning POW's as we sailed into New York Harbor. There were no welcoming bands or fireboats, but that was of little concern. We were home again and the "Lady" was welcoming us. It would be only a matter of days until we would be back in the real world with those whom we loved.

We aren't getting any younger. If you have kept copies of our newsletters you may want to consider making arrangements with your local library to accept them for their historical value, or make sure the ones you leave behind donate them to the library. Unless you have made arrangements like this our valuable historical documents may get pitched in the trash.



Information to be included in your quarterly newsletters issued **February, May, August & November** must be sent to Bernie Barr or Walter Butler no later than the first of January, April, July or October.

Member information and stories are needed regularly to keep the newsletter interesting. Everyone has a story or information that our members would enjoy reading. Keep it coming! If at all possible send type written information, the darker the better.

Walter's address is in the top left corner above. Bernie Barr's address is: 7408 Vista Del Arroyo, Albuquerque, NM 87109